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Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

A POEM,

IN EIGHT BOOKS.

BY

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A NEW EDITION, IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

This Book, propoſing to treat of the trial and condemnation of Chriſt, opens with an invocation to the Evangeliſts, the ſacred hiſtorians of that event.——Chriſt, brought before the prieſts and elders in council, accuſed by the witneſſes, interrogated by Caiaphas, perſiſts in keeping ſilence, till being ſolemnly called upon to declare himſelf, he anſwers by an affirmation of the truth. Inſtantly all voices are let looſe upon him, accuſing him of blaſphemy and pronouncing him worthy of death: He is delivered over to mockery and inſult. The Jews reſolve to arraign him before Pilate on the following morning. He turns and looks upon Peter, who according to prediction had three ſeveral times denied him. The ſorrow and contrition of that Diſciple is deſcribed; he retires apart to bewail his crime and ſupplicate forgiveneſs. His prayer and confeſſion in the temple-porch. The council of the Jews reſort to Pilate next morning and appeal againſt Chriſt. He informs them that by the Roman law no judgment can be given till the accuſed is confronted with his accuſers, and heard in his defence. Now commences the trial of Chriſt before Pilate, who, finding nothing worthy of death in that juſt perſon, refers him to Herod as belonging to his juriſdiction. Herod, after mocking him, arrays him in a gorgeous robe, and in that apparel ſends him back to Pilate. He again appears in the judgment hall before Pilate, who after many fruitleſs efforts to ſave him, the Jews ſtill urging him by their clamorous importunity to crucify him, finding no other way to prevent a tumult of the people, after declaring himſelf innocent of the blood of Jeſus by the ceremony of waſhing his hands before the multitude, delivers him to be crucified.

CALVARY.

BOOK V.

THE CONDEMNATION OF CHRIST.

Ye ſacred Guides, whoſe plain unvarniſh'd page,
Penn'd by the hand of Truth, records the ſcene,
Where Christ before the bar of impious men,
Patient of all their ſcorn, arraign'd, betray'd
And of his own abandon'd, ſilent ſtands,
You I invoke; ſo from the ſame pure ſource,
Whence my faith flows, ſhall alſo flow my ſong,
Not idly babbling, like that ſhallow rill
Trickling at foot of the Parnaſſian Mount,
But deep, ſerene, to hallow'd airs attun'd:
Aid me from Heav'n, where now before God's throne
In evangelic attributes ye ſtand
Six-wing'd and thick beſpangled o'er with eyes,
Ranging all points before you and behind,
Seraphic minſtrels, chanting day and night

Your ceaſeleſs hallelujahs to the name
Of Him, who was and is and is to come.
Led by your hand with trembling ſtep I preſs
The ſacred ground, which my Redeemer trode,
Now like a lamb to ſlaughter led, and now
Pendent, Oh horror! on the bloody tree;
And whilſt to tell his ſacrifice of love,
His ſoul-diſſolving agonies I ſtrive,
My heart melts into ſorrows deep as thoſe,
When the ſad daughters of Jeruſalem
Water'd his paſſage to the croſs with tears.
  Muſing my pious theme, as fits a bard
Far onward in the wint'ry track of age,
I ſhun the Muſes haunts, nor dalliance hold
With fancy by the way, but travel on
My mournful road, a pilgrim grey with years;
One that finds little favor with the world,
Yet thankful for it's leaſt benevolence
And patient of it's taunts, for never yet
Lur'd I the popu'lar ear with gibing tales,
Or ſacrific'd the modeſty of ſong,

Harping

Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feaſts
To make the vulgar ſport and win their ſhout.
Me rather the ſtill voice delights, the praiſe
Whiſper'd, not publiſh'd by fame's braying trump:
Be thou my herald, Nature! Let me pleaſe
The ſacred few, let my remembrance live
Emboſom'd by the virtuous and the wiſe;
Make me, O Heav'n! by thoſe, who love thee, lov'd:
So when the widow's and the children's tears
Shall ſprinkle the cold duſt, in which I ſleep
Pompleſs and from a ſcornful world withdrawn,
The laurel, which it's malice rent, ſhall ſhoot
So water'd into life, and mantling throw
It's verdant honors o'er my graſſy tomb.
  Here in mid-way of my unfiniſh'd courſe,
Doubtful of future time whilſt now I pauſe
To fetch new breath and trim my waining lamp,
Fountain of Life, if I have ſtill ador'd
Thy mercy and remember'd Thee with awe
Ev'n in my mirth, in the gay prime of youth—
So conſcience witneſſes, the mental ſcribe,

That regiſters my errors, quits me here—
Propitious Pow'r, ſupport me! and if death,
Near at the fartheſt, meditates the blow
To cut me ſhort in my prevented taſk,
Spare me a little, and put by the ſtroke,
Till I recount his overthrow and hail
Thy Son victorious riſing from the grave.
Now to that diſmal ſcene return, my thoughts!
Where CHRIST in midſt of an irreverent crew,
Uſher'd by torches through the darkling ſtreets,
And now at ſummit of the holy Mouut
Arriv'd, before the pontiff's lofty gate,
Waiting the call of impious pride, attends.
The halls and lobbies vomit forth a ſwarm
Of ſaucy ſervitors with ideot ſtare
Gazing the wond'rous Man, and venting loud
Their coward mockeries: He ſtands unmov'd.
Great is the ſtir within, and on the poſt
Through all the palace runs the buzzing news
Of this great Prophet's capture, circling round
With ever new enlargement of ſtrange ſights

And

And fearful doings in the garden ſeen
Of thoſe who took him. CAIAPHAS meanwhile
Summons the Temple-chiefs, elders and ſcribes,
A haſty Sanhedrim: No longer now
With ſtately ſtep in meaſur'd pace they march;
Huddled together by their fears they flock,
They cluſter in a throng, ſafeſt ſo deem'd,
And fill the council ſeats. In ſpeech abrupt
And brief their hierarch the cauſe expounds
Of their ſo ſudden meeting—CHRIST is ſeiz'd,
The Prophet, whom they dreaded, is in hold,
Th'Enchanter, who by league with Beelzebub
Scar'd them with magic ſpells, is at their door;
Now is the time to put his art to proof,
Now is the moment to decide if thus
Their unreveal'd Meſſias ſhall appear
After long promiſe in this abject ſtate
A ſhackled pris'ner, or a conquering king.
Admit him! with faint voice ſome two or three
Of the leaſt timorous cry.—Behold, he comes!
The rabble throng ruſh in, and at the bar

Of the immur'd divan preſent him bound
With cords, his raiment ſoil'd with hands profane,
His head uncover'd and his ſacred locks
By the rude winds and ruder men deſpoil'd
Of their propriety, diſhevell'd, ſpread
Like ſhatter'd fragments on the branching top
Of piny Lebanon after a ſtorm.

Silence now reign'd, the roar of tongues was huſh'd,
And expectation with ſuſpended breath
Sate watchful when ſome ſign or word of power
Should in a miracle break forth upon them.
None ſuch that patient Sufferer vouchſaf'd,
Nor menace nor complaint his eye beſpake,
But meek ſerene compoſure. Noting this,
As cowards out of danger loudeſt vaunt,
The council now took heart: Then ſoon were heard
The lying tongues of witneſſes ſuborn'd
Various and loud; but theſe no order kept;
Falſehood with falſehood claſh'd, and each to each
Irreconcileable, as all to truth:
Shame held the council mute, for vileſt hearts,

Cloak'd

Cloak'd in the robes of judgment, will affect
Some outward ſhew of what they ought to be,
Then moſt malicious when moſt ſeeming juſt.
Confuſion now enſu'd and perjury
In it's own labyrinth had loſt itſelf,
When ſome of graver note within the pale
Of juſtice ſeated, but far thence remov'd
In conſcience and in heart, ſtarted new charge,
Averring they had heard the Pris'ner ſay—
I will deſtroy this temple made with hands,
And within three days will another build
Made without hands.—The charge was gravely urg'd,
And, colour'd to the ſemblance of a plot,
Breath'd ſacrilegious menace to God's houſe,
Fit matter for deſcant pontifical:
When CAIAPHAS, as foremoſt in degree
So firſt to ſound forth danger and affix
Solemnity to malice, from his ſtate
With magiſterial dignity aroſe,
And ſternly fixing on the face divine
His eye inquiſitorial, thus began.

Hear'ſt

Hear'ſt thou what theſe alledge? The words in charge
Stand witneſs'd by theſe preſent: Face to face
Th' accuſers they and thou th' accuſed meet:
Juſtice is open. What is thy defence?
Anſwereſt thou nothing?—Nothing anſwer'd he,
But as a lamb before it's ſhearers mute
He open'd not his mouth; the myſtery couch'd
Under thoſe words, prophetic of his death
And following reſurrection, to expound
To their perverted minds beſeem'd not him,
Searcher of hearts and Savior of mankind:
Silent not pertinacious he endur'd
Their ſcorn, nor did his meek demeanour ſhew
More than the dignity of conſcious truth,
Which knows itſelf prejudg'd and ſcorns a plea.
But CAIAPHAS, who brook'd not this repulſe,
And ſtill occaſion ſought from his own lips
By ſubtlety to' enſnare him, thus re-urg'd
Queſtion with ſolemn adjuration back'd.
Hear me, thou man accus'd, and anſwer make
I do adjure thee by the living God

To

To what I now demand. Art thou the CHRIST,
The very CHRIST, Son of th' eternal God,
Or art thou not? Reſolve us who thou art!
Then JESUS by this ſolemn adjuration urg'd,
Lifting his eyes to heav'n in mute appeal,
Whilſt all his Father's virtue in his face
Effulgent beam'd, theſe glorious words pronounc'd;
Hear them, O heav'n, and Oh! record them, earth,
Write them, ye mortals, on your hearts—I am,
I am the CHRIST; all that you aſk I am;
And ye ſhall ſee me coming in the clouds
Of heav'n, enthron'd at the right hand of Power.
As when on rapine bent a ſavage horde
Arab or Indian, in ſome ſandy dell
Or by the ſedgy lake in ambuſh lodg'd,
Upon the watch-word by their leader giv'n
Leap from their treach'rous lair with ſudden yell
And bloody weapons waving to ſurprize
And overpower th' unguarded traveller,
Fatally trapp'd into their murderous ſnare;
So at the ſignal of their prieſtly chief

Uproſe

Uproſe the dire divan with ruſhing ſound,
Like roar of diſtant waters. Terror-ſtruck,
Frantic as Bromius, with furious hands
Th' enthuſiaſtic hierarch ſeiz'd his robes,
And into tatters like a cancell'd ſcroll
Tore them, exclaiming vehement and loud
That all might hear—What need of further proof?
Ye' have heard his blaſphemy. How think ye, ſirs?
What may ſuch crime deſerve?—Th' infuriate prieſts
Seiz'd by like phrenſy with one voice pronounce—
Death be his ſentence!—Death through all the hall
Rebounding echoes back th' accurs'd decree.
Horrible ſentence! Murder hatch'd in hell;
Libation for the fiends; Dæmons, on you
And on your generations to all time
His righteous blood ſhall reſt. Now uproar wild
And horrid din ſucceeds: The ſcoffing crowd
Ruſh to the bar, ſo privileg'd, and there
With ſcurril taunts and blaſphemies revile
The patient Son of God. Oh thought of horror!
The Savior of mankind revil'd by man,

The

The Juſt by th' unjuſt! Others more profane
Vent their vile rheum upon his ſacred face,
Or ſmite him with their palms, then gibing cry—
Tell us who ſmote thee; propheſy, thou CHRIST!
Monſters, that CHRIST hath propheſied, your doom
Already by that Prophet is pronounc'd,
The lips you ſtrike have utter'd it: Behold!
Jeruſalem is fall'n, her towers are duſt,
Your city ſmokes in ruin: Lo! what piles
Of mangled carcaſes; what horrid ſcenes
Of violated matrons: Hark! what ſcreams
Of infants butcher'd in their mothers arms;
And look! your temple blazes to the ſky;
It's beams of cedar overlaid with gold,
It's fretted roof with carvings rich emboſs'd,
And all it's glorious ſplendor feeds the flames
Inſatiate; mark how high their ſerpent ſpires
Hiſſing aſcend: God fans them in his ire:
Thither the wild beaſts of the deſart hie,
There carrion owls by midnight haunt, there dwells
The dragon, and the ſatyrs dance: 'Tis done!

That

That prophecy is ſeal'd. There yet remains
An awful conſummation unreveal'd,
Till God ſhall gather up your ſcatter'd race
Still vagrant o'er th' inhoſpitable earth.
Ah! wretched people, broken and diſpers'd,
Did ye preſerve the oracles of God
But to convict your own obduracy?
Sad nation, on whoſe neck the iron yoke
Of perſecution hard, too hard, hath lain,
And yet lies heavy, will ye not accept
A High Prieſt, holy, harmleſs, undefil'd,
From ſinners ſep'rate and exalted high
Above the heavens? And do ye not perceive
The word of JESUS in yourſelves fulfill'd?
Rue then the prophecy, which you provok'd,
Of faithleſs fathers ye ſtill faithleſs ſons!
Whilſt ſhuddering I recount the impious taunts
Of that blaſpheming rout: But neither taunts
Nor violence could ſhake the Savior's peace;
He in his own pure ſpi'rit collected ſtood,
Nor of their baſe revilings took account.

'Twas

'Twas now that CHRIST, knowing himſelf denied
Three times of PETER, turn'd and look'd upon him.
He from the garden, where his Lord was ſeiz'd,
Following at diſtance JUDAS and his band,
Had kept his eye upon their moving fires,
And up the ſacred mount purſued their track,
Till at the palace-door he ſtood and ſought
Admiſſion with the crowd; when there behold!
A damſel at the portal ſcans him o'er
With ſcrutinizing eye and ſtrait exclaims—
Thou too wert in this Galilean's train;
Thou art of JESUS.—Sudden to his heart
The coward tremor runs and there ſuggeſts
The fear-conceived lye; before them all
With confidence to falſehood ill applied—
I know not what thou ſay'ſt—he ſtraight avers,
And to the porch goes forth: There in his ear
The cock his firſt ſhrill warning gives and ſings
The knell of conſtancy's predicted breach,
Of conſtancy, alas! too ſtrongly vouch'd
By him in raſh and over-weening zeal,

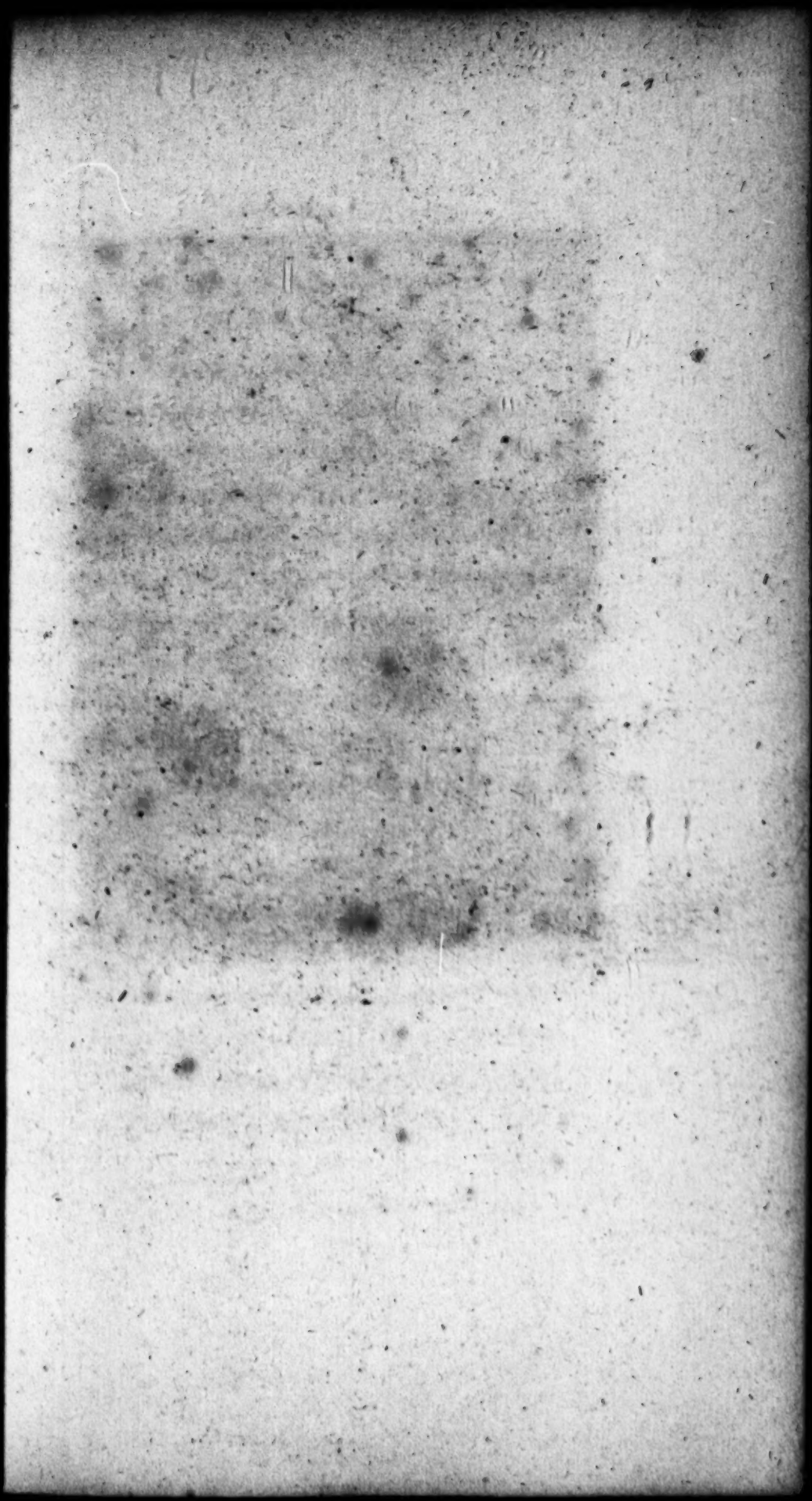
Boaſting

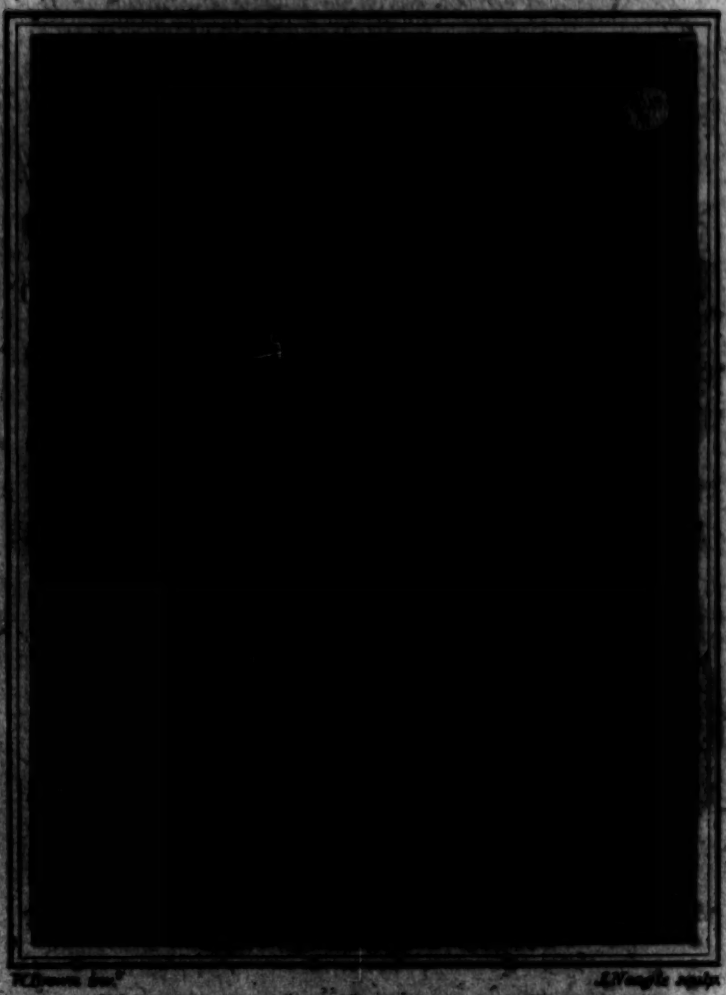
Boaſting like martyrdom with CHRIST himſelf,
Sole ſacrifice appointed for mankind.
But he, though of preſumption warn'd, by fear
Still haunted and the guilty dread of death,
Strait to a ſecond queſtioner replies—
I do not know the man—and to engage
Belief, binds down the falſehood with an oath,
Fatal appeal to Heav'n! inſult to God
And His all-righteous ears! Is this the man,
Who with ſuch glowing ardor ſelf-aſſur'd—
Though all ſhall be offended, I will not—
Proudly averr'd, and for that pride reprov'd—
Though I ſhould die with thee, dauntleſs rejoin'd,
Yet will I not deny thee—? Man, weak man,
Pride was not made for thee. If PETER fell
Preſuming, who ſhall ſay, Behold! I ſtand
In my own ſtrength nor aſk ſupport of God?
And now, as if devoted to his ſhame,
Curious to pry, yet fearful to be ſeen,
He mixes with the throng that crowd the hall;
And there once more is challeng'd for his ſpeech,

As

As ſavo'ring of the Galilean phraſe;
Then with reiterated oaths abjures
His Maſter the third time; when hark! again
The cock's loud ſignal echoes back the lye
In his convicted ear; the prophet bird
Strains his recording throat, and up to heav'n
Trumpets the trebled perjury and claps
His wings in triumph o'er preſumption's fall.
Oh! fall'n how low, is this thy promis'd faith,
Favor'd of CHRIST ſo highly? Know'ſt thou not,
Diſciple, thine own Lord? or know'ſt him only
In ſafety, in proſperity, in power,
For thine own ſelfiſh ends, a ſummer gueſt,
Prone to deſert him in the wint'ry hour
Of tribulation, poverty and woe?
Is thy frail memory of that ſlippery ſtuff,
That a friend's ſorrow waſhes out all trace
Of a friend's features? Look upon his eyes!
Behold, they turn on thee: Them doſt thou know?
Their language canſt thou read and from them draw
The conſcious reminiſcence thou diſown'ſt?

Mark, is their ſweetneſs loſt? Ah! no; they beam
Celeſtial grace, a ſanctity of ſoul
So melting ſoft with pity, ſuch a gleam
Of love divine attemp'ring mild reproof,
Where is the man, that to obtain that eye
Of mercy on his ſins would not forego
Life's deareſt comforts to embrace ſuch hope?
O death, death! where would be thy ſting, or where
Theſe awful tremblings, which thy coming ſtirs
In my too conſcious breaſt, might I aſpire
To hope my Judge would greet me with that look?
Vaunt not yourſelves, ye ſcorners, nor exult
In this recital of a good man's fall,
Faithful hiſtorian of his own offence:
But rather let it phyſic your proud ſpleen
To mark how mean, prevaricating, falſe
And deſpicable a vain-glorious man.
PETER's denial, David's heinous ſin,
And all the guilty lapſes of man's heart,
Though ſumm'd together into one account,
Each ſpot and blemiſh malice can ſearch out





S.t PETER in the GATE of the TEMPLE,
call'd beautiful having denied his Master, retires by
Moonlight, to meditate on his perfidy, and repent.

Behold! Abash'd he stands bath'd in remorseful tears;
One glance from his beloved Masters eye,
Like Nathan's parable hath rous'd from sleep
His drowsy conscience.

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To tarniſh the fair luſtre of a name,
Stand but as leſſons of humility,
Warnings of frailty to o'er-weening man;
And if our mournful page hath now ſet forth
The fall of virtue, let it next record
It's glorious reſurrection: We have ſhewn
The' offender in his ſhame, what now remains
But to diſplay the penitent? Behold!
Abaſh'd he ſtands bath'd in remorſeful tears:
One glance from his beloved Maſter's eye,
Like Nathan's parable, hath rous'd from ſleep
His drowſy conſcience. Mark, where he retires
To weep in ſolitude and purge his heart
By ſorrowful repentance of it's guilt.
O PETER, could my verſe fit offering make,
That verſe ſhould be beſtow'd upon thy tears.
Now the aſſembled elders and their chief,
After ſhort conſultation had, reſolve
With the next dawn of morning to arraign
Their Priſoner at the prætorian bar
Of PILATE, procurator for the ſtate

Imperial of Rome and Cæſar; he
Held judgment ſovereign of life and death
In tributary Jewry, judge corrupt,
And like Rome's venal emiſſaries prone
To every ſordid purpoſe; train'd in blood
And for tribunal bloody therefore fit.
  Meanwhile forth iſſuing from the fatal hall,
Scene of his ſhame, the ſad Diſciple took
His penſive way acroſs the temple-court
Silent and ſolitary, ſeeking where
To' unboſom his full ſorrows and give up
His ſoul to pray'r, and pardon ſeek of God
For his revolt. Pale through night's curtain gleam'd
By fits the lunar intermittent ray,
That quiv'ring ſerv'd to light his lonely ſteps
To the fair gate call'd Beautiful, whoſe porch
High over-arch'd, on writhed columns propp'd
Of ſpiral braſs convolv'd, was for it's ſhade
Of CHRIST and his diſciples much in queſt.
  Hither he came, and falling on his knees,
Like th' humble publican ſmote on his breaſt,

And

And this confeſſion ſelf-accuſing made.
Here let me fall and in repentant tears
Weep out my ſoul upon theſe piti'leſs ſtones,
Made ſacred by His ſteps, whoſe awful name
Thrice blaſphem'd, thrice abjur'd, I dare not ſpeak,
Though in my ſupplication. Can I ſay,
Spare me, O God of mercy? Can I aſk
Pardon of God, unpardon'd of myſelf?
Oh! wretched recreant creature as I am,
What ſhall redeem me from this miſery,
And reconcile my conſcience to itſelf,
A perjur'd conſcience? Never more can peace
Dwell in this boſom; never can my ſoul
Aſcend out of the duſt, or lift a thought
In hope tow'rds heav'n. With JUDAS let me dwell,
Colleague in treaſon; with his ſin my ſin
In the' execration of all time be link'd.
Or ſhall I venture to look up and ſay,
O God, behold a wretch, who dares not ſue
For mercy but for mitigated wrath,
For puniſhment proportion'd to my bearing,

Protracted, not too ſudden, leſt it take
My ſenſes from me and with them all power
Of meditation, penance and atonement?
Spare me a little to abhor myſelf;
And if the arrow, which my conſcience drives
Into this guilty heart, draws not enough
Of it's vile blood to purify what's left,
Let the ſtrong hand of juſtice force it home
And finiſh me at once. Was I not warn'd
Of my preſumption, and a ſignal ſet
To number my denials, when I ſwore
Never to ſwerve but follow him to death?
Mine, like ISCARIOT's, was predicted ſin:
I ſpar'd not him, I call'd his wilful guilt,
Obſtinate malice; and can I now urge
Neceſſity my plea? All things are known
To CHRIST; the evil motions of my will
He ſaw, not over-rul'd: I might have pray'd
For grace, ſupport, prevention; I pray'd not,
But heedleſs of the prophecy and blind
Ruſh'd into ſin prepenſe, ſelf-will'd, ſelf-loſt.

What

What faſcination ſeiz'd me to draw forth
The ſword in raſh defence of Him, whoſe word
Legions of Angels could have call'd from heav'n?
And what prevaricating dæmon breath'd
The lye into my lips, when the ſame night,
Nay, the ſame hour, that ſaw me prompt to' oppoſe
My life to danger, ſaw me meanly ſhrink
From what I courted, and behind a lye
Three times repeated like a coward ſculk?
And did I not know CHRIST whom I denied?
Did I not know the Maſter whom I ſerv'd,
Who call'd me to him, pour'd into my heart
His heav'nly doctrines, rais'd my lowly thoughts
From the mean drudgery of a fiſher's trade,
And taught me in the energy of faith
To walk upon that ſea, in which ere-while
I dragg'd the net and toil'd for daily bread?
O memory, once my glory, now my curſe,
To what ſad purpoſe do I call thee home,
Abſent in danger, preſent in deſpair?
Is there a wonder done of CHRIST on earth

I have not witneſs'd? Did I not behold
Dead Lazarus revive at his command?
What ſhall I ſay to him, whom I ſaw die,
When living he arraigns me face to face?
What anſwer make to thoſe, whom I have ſerv'd
From one ſmall wallet with the bread of thouſands?
The very blind, ere they receiv'd their ſight,
Saw more than I, and hail'd him LORD and CHRIST.
Who ſhall believe when I renounce belief?
The very dev'ils own Him whom I denied.
Can I call theſe accurſt, whoſe impious cry
Dooms him to death; who ſmite him with their palms
Blaſpheming? Harder than their hands my heart.
Wretch, 'twas my falſe tongue train'd them on to murder;
On me, me only all their ſin rebounds:
I ſtand condemn'd, they free. Can I forget
How oft my lips confeſs'd him Son of God?
Periſh that tongue, which could revoke it's faith,
Diſown confeſſion and belie my heart.
Denied of me on earth, when in the clouds
Of heav'n he comes at the right hand of Pow'r,

And

And ſends his Angels with the trumpet's ſound
To gather his elect from the four winds,
When, as a ſhepherd culling out his flock,
To ſeparate all nations and divide
The good from evil he proceeds, Ah! then,
Then will he not retort the fatal words
Firſt us'd of me, I know thee not! Depart,
Thou wicked ſervant, into outer darkneſs,
There weep and gnaſh thy teeth in fires prepar'd
For SATAN and his outcaſt crew accurſt?
Thus he all night with deep remorſe o'erwhelm'd,
Mournfully kneeling at God's temple-gate,
Bewail'd his crime and ſupplication made
For pardon; and let after-times atteſt
How full a portion of God's ſpi'rit abode
In this bleſt Penitent, when with the ſound
Of ruſhing mighty winds it was pour'd down
On him and on his fellows, thence inſtall'd
Apoſtles, and with gifted tongues inſpir'd
To ſpeak all languages and preach the Word
Of CHRIST throughout the whole converted world.

Here

Here in this very ſpot, where now he kneels
Repentant, fill'd ere long with pow'r divine,
He bade the cripple in the name of CHRIST
Riſe up and walk: He at the word in ſight
Of all the people roſe and ſtood and walk'd
And in the temple gave loud praiſe to God.
Then let not his offence, pardon'd of God,
By man but for example's ſake be nam'd,
And once more, hail, thou renovated Saint!
Made brighter by repentance: Enter thou
Into thy Maſter's joy once more; reſume
Thine apoſtolic primacy, and feed,
Shepherd of CHRIST deputed, feed his flock.
Nor ſhall thy faith once faulter, nor thy zeal
Shrink from the teſt of martyrdom, reſerv'd
To glorify thy Maſter on the croſs.
Now morning from her cloudy barrier forth
Advancing crimſon'd all the flecker'd Eaſt,
As bluſhing to lead on the guilty day.
With the firſt dawn the wakeful elders meet,
Short council hold, for little time ſuffic'd

To take their voices, whoſe relentleſs minds
In the ſame bloody league were banded all;
And now unanimous with their high prieſt
In ſtately grave proceſſion forth they march
To find their heathen judge, and at his bar
Arraign the Holy One.—But check, my heart,
Thine indignation; let the verſe proceed!—
Him in his ſeat of judgment high enthron'd,
With axes and with lictors round embay'd
In martial ſtate, with reverence they ſalute,
And lowly ſtoop their tributary heads
To his vice-gerent majeſty: With ſmile
Of condeſcending favor he accepts
Their abject greeting, and to his right hand
Their chief advances; others in their ranks
And orders he diſpoſes; then with feign'd
Solicitude, as if to ſeek the cauſe
Of this concerted meeting, he begins.

What cauſe ſo weighty brings JEHOVAH's prieſt
With theſe wiſe elders and time-honor'd ſcribes
Thus early to ſeek juſtice at my bar?

Appeal

Appeal ſo reverend, with ſuch leader grac'd
And by ſuch followers witneſs'd, well demands
Of Cæſar's ſervant his moſt equal ear.
  Whereto the' high prieſt, ſecond to none in craft,
With ſolemn accent and demeanor grave
Maſking his baſe colluſion, thus replies.
  When he, whoſe hand the ſword of juſtice ſways,
Her balance alſo holds in equal poiſe
Over this realm provincial, we have cauſe
To thank the maſter of our liberties,
Who by ſuch delegation of his power
Makes light that yoke, which elſe would gall our necks;
Though Cæſar lays it on us: Then let praiſe
Be giv'n to Cæſar for the love we bear
To PONTIUS PILATE. Have I leave to ſay,
That we your ſervants, a peculiar race,
Pay worſhip to one God and hold at heart
As ſacred that commandment handed down
From our forefathers, which for ever makes
His undivided Unity the creed
Of all our nation; and whoe'er blaſphemes

His name and controverts our holy faith,
Dies by our law? This ſentence we have paſs'd,
But execution ſtaid, ſo bound in duty,
Upon a certain Nazarite, by name
JESUS, obſcure of birth, but of our peace
No ſlight diſturber; for the common herd,
A monſter as you know with many heads,
And every head with twice as many ears
Itching for novelties, have rais'd this man
To dang'rous eminence; and for he cheats
Their groſs credulity with juggling ſleights,
Which they call miracles, have blown his pride
To ſuch a monſtrous bulk, he now ſcales heaven,
There ſeats himſelf—Oh! where ſhall I find words
To ſpeak his blaſphemy?—at God's right hand,
His Son, his equal, ſharer of his throne,
Judge of the world. If this be not a crime
For death to expiate we are ſlaves indeed,
And every ſtatute, ordinance and law
Rome leaves inviolate, JESUS ſhall break
Unpuniſh'd: Nor is this, dread ſir, the whole

Of

Of his preſumption; mark, I pray, the heighth
To which his phrenſy rages, mark his threat!
He will put down this temple in three days
And in like time with hands inviſible
Erect another.—Patron of our laws,
Fountain of juſtice! ought this man to live?
Such madneſs breath'd into our peoples minds
Will ſpur them to the deed, break every band
That ties them down to order, and turn looſe
Their fury not on us alone but Rome,
Not on our temple only but perhaps
On this tribunal, which Heav'n guard! And now
Take the whole matter of our charge at once:
This JESUS hath pronounc'd himſelf a king,
Our king, your maſter's rival: You beſt know
If your great empe'ror abdicates his right
To our allegiance, which we fain would hold,
Where we have vow'd it, to imperial Cæſar,
Not to this mean mechanic, Joſeph's ſon.
This is our plea, O PONTIUS, why we claim
Juſtice againſt the pris'ner, who now waits

Your

Your ſentence under guard and bound, as fits
Delinquent ſo atrocious: I have ſaid.
To him the Roman—Be it known to all,
The ſentence, which you urge againſt the life
Of your now abſent pris'ner, cannot paſs
By practice of our law, till face to face
With his accuſers he ſhall ſtand at bar,
And licence have to anſwer for himſelf
Touching the crime in charge; therefore theſe words,
Which you have largely ſpent, are ſpent in air,
Elſe might the ear of juſtice be foreſtall'd
By the empleader's charge, and ſo perchance
Let fall the axe upon the guiltleſs head.
Much knowledge of your laws I cannot boaſt,
Nor with theſe learned ſcribes hold argument;
For ſo much therefore as to them pertains
I on the part of Cæſar am no judge;
His tributes, his ſupremacy and rights
Diſputed or oppos'd I ſhall uphold
'Gainſt all offenders. Let th' accus'd appear!
This ſaid, behold the bleſſed Son of God

Dragg'd

Dragg'd to a pagan bar! There whilſt he ſtood
A ſpectacle of pity, patient, meek,
Submitted to his fate, PILATE, who knew
Him innocent and his accuſers falſe,
Envious and cruel, ey'd him o'er and o'er,
And as he ponder'd in his mind how baſe
The ſentence he was now requir'd to give,
Some ſparks of Roman virtue, not quite dead
Though faintly felt in his degene'rate breaſt,
Revolted from the deed: Soft was the touch,
Though ineffectual, which ſweet pity gave
To his ſtern heart: He wiſh'd, yet knew not how,
To' unfold the gates of mercy, and through them,
Let paſs the reſcued Innocent to life;
The ſon of Epicurus could no more.
Upon the Sufferer's brow ſerene he ſaw
Where innocence and ſanctity enthron'd
Sate viſible and claim'd his juſt award:
He turn'd him to th' accuſers and beheld
Such malice, as brought up to view a groupe
Of his own furies from their fabled hell;

Then

Then with a frown he cries—What law is your's,
Which makes this man a culprit ere he's tried?
Unmanacle his limbs! A Roman judge
Hears no man plead in ſhackles; he, who ſpeaks
In life's defence hath call for every aid
That Nature can beſtow, free uſe of limbs,
Action and utterance to grace his cauſe,
And hold him up againſt the world's contempt:
I will not hear a man that pleads in bonds.
Cut thoſe vile cords aſunder: Set him looſe!
And now our bleſſed Lord, his arms releas'd
From the harſh thongs, which the malignant Jews
Had bound about them, 'gan to re-compoſe
His decent veſture and with calm ſurvey
To note his perſecutors, thoſe dire prieſts
And cruel hypocrites that bay'd him round.
In every breaſt tranſparent to his eye
Malice and craft and envy he diſcern'd:
In PILATE's face the ſhifting hues beſpoke
Internal ſtrife of paſſions all in arms,
Combat 'twixt good and evil: In his hand

He held a ſcroll, which with intentive eye
And thoughtful brow, deep pondering he perus'd:
The writing well he knew, but the contents,
Thus worded, much perplex'd his wav'ring thoughts.
" O Pilate, if thy wife was ever held
" In honor, love or truſt, I do adjure thee
" This once take warning from her voice inſpir'd
" To ſnatch thee from deſtruction. Oh! withhold
" Thine hand from that juſt perſon, harm not him,
" That holy JESUS, who now ſtands before thee;
" Touch not his ſacred life, or on thine head
" A fearful judgment thou ſhalt elſe pull down:
" A mighty Pow'r protects him, what I know not,
" But mightier ſure than all the Gods of Rome;
" For I have ſeen his glory in a dream,
" And dreams deſcend from heav'n. Pilate, beware!"
Such was the warning ſcroll he now perus'd,
Ev'n on the judgment ſeat, by timely hand
Sent for his reſcue: Happy! had he turn'd
His heart ſo warn'd to juſtice, and obey'd
The viſitation of the ſpi'rit vouchſaf'd:

But

But he, like Cæſar, deem'd his manhood pledg'd
To make ſlight 'count of a weak woman's dream:
Yet much confus'd, uncertain and perplex'd
He look'd around, and ſaw all eyes upon him:
The Jews impatient, JESUS at the bar,
Prepar'd for trial: What ſhall he reſolve?
Break up the court and judgment put aſide
For a mere vapor, for no better plea
Than to indulge a woman's fond caprice,
And bid the law ſtand ſtill and wait the time
"Till PILATE's wife ſhall meet with better dreams?"—
Such ſcorn he dar'd not to provoke, and now
Loud murmurs fill'd his ear: Compell'd to riſe,
Though uncollected, and in mind diſturb'd,
He thus addreſs'd the LORD.—Art thou a king,
And of this nation, who accuſe thee to me,
King of the Jews?—Thou ſay'ſt it, JESUS cried:
But ſay'ſt thou of thyſelf this thing, or taught
Of others art thou prompted ſo to ſpeak?—
Am I a Jew? the fault'ring judge replied;
Not I, but theſe, who if thou wert a king

Were thine own ſubjects, elders, prieſts and ſcribes,
Theſe have accus'd thee. Not of them am I;
Nor in this buſineſs covet further ſhare,
Than on the part of juſtice to demand,
What haſt thou done? How anſwer'ſt thou their charge?
Of this world were my kingdom, ſaid our LORD,
My ſervants would defend their King, and fight
To ſave me from my' oppreſſors: But I reign
Not on this earth, nor is my pow'r from hence.
Art thou a king then?—interpos'd the judge:—
Thou ſay'ſt, cried JESUS, that I am a king;
And truly to this purpoſe was I born,
And for this cauſe came I into the world,
That I ſhould witneſs bear unto the Truth;
And all, that to the Truth belong, hear me.—
What is the Truth? ſaid PILATE, but his voice
Now falter'd and his thoughts unſettled, wild
And driv'n at random like a wreck, could graſp
No helm of reaſon; only this he knew
There was no fault before him: This aloud
To all he publiſh'd, and pronounc'd him clear.

Whereat

Whereat with rage and diſappointment ſtung,
Furious as wolves defrauded of their prey,
Uproſe the prieſts appellant, and afreſh
Urge o'er and o'er their aggravating charge,
Forging new falſehoods and re-forging old:
The Preacher of forbearance, peace and love
Perverter of the nation now they call,
Fomenter of ſedition, ſpreading wide
From Galilee, the cradle of his birth,
Throughout all Jewry to the capital;
Where now aſſuming to himſelf the name,
Prerogative and ſtate of King and CHRIST,
He ſtirreth up the people to revolt,
Forbidding them to pay their rightful dues
Of tribute to Rome's emperor, himſelf
Exalting above Cæſar. This and more
In the like ſtrain of virulence, with lips
In aſpic venom ſteep'd they now depoſe;
Nor had they brought their malice to a pauſe,
When PILATE, hoping he had now found plea
To ſhift the dreaded ſentence from himſelf,

Thus interpoſing check'd their clam'rous ſpleen.
Break off, and let your tongues take reſt awhile:
It is not at this bar you muſt emplead
This man, a Galilean as it ſeems:
Whom, being ſuch, it is not mine to hear
But HEROD'S: Let his ſpecial tetrarch judge
'Twixt him and you: Thither remit your ſuit.
This ſaid, he roſe preventing all reply,
Whilſt they, though by procraſtination gall'd,
Yet of their tetrarch confident, ſubmit:
But nor with HEROD could their malice ſpeed
To it's main purpoſe: Little care had he
For all their prieſtly clamor; in his thoughts
Religion had no intereſt, truth no weight:
For prophets and for prophecies no ear
Had he, alike regardleſs how CHRIST preach'd,
Or they complain'd; yet much he wiſh'd to ſee
Some ſplendid miracle of him perform'd,
Something to ſtrike his ſenſes with ſurprize
And ſatisfy a wanton curioſity,
Made eager by the fame of thoſe great works,

Whereof

Whereof he much had heard and nothing ſeen.
But when our LORD to all his queſtions mute
Nor word nor ſign vouchſaf'd, to wrath impell'd,
What by enticements he had fail'd to gain
By taunts he hop'd to' extort; and now his ſpleen
To impious ſcorn and mockery gave the rein:
Forthwith his Pris'ner in a gorgeous robe
Apparel'd as a king, to all his court
Held up for ſport and laughter, he expos'd.
Loud was the roar of blaſphemy the whilſt,
And wild the revels of the ſcoffing throng
As the lewd orgies of the frantic god,
Or clamor of that ſacrilegious rout,
When their mad rage the Thracian minſtrel tore,
Whoſe wonder-working harp could charm the ear
Of hell and call dead nature into life.
The prieſts look'd on and grinn'd malicious joy;
Yet would not HEROD execution doom;
Or willing to appeaſe the jealouſy
Of PILATE, or content to mark his ſcorn
Of JESUS by this arrogant diſplay

Of mercy, as not dreading whom he ſpar'd.
Now once again at PILATE's bar he ſtands,
Not as before like malefactor tied
And round begirt with cords, but overlaid
With a rich load of ſumptuous mockery;
A lamb compell'd to carry the proud ſpoils
And guilty trappings of the ty'rannous wolf.
Again the judge with ſlow unwilling ſtep
To his tribunal mounts and thus he ſpeaks.
You ſtill perſiſt to bring this man to me
As a perverter of your nation's faith
And loyalty: Your witneſſes I've heard,
Ponder'd their depoſitions and throughout
Examin'd ev'ry tittle of your charge:
Him too I've queſtion'd in the ears of all
Here preſent, and no ſhadow of offence
Can I diſcern to warrant your appeal
For execution, and paſs judgment on him:
No, nor yet HEROD, for to him I ſent
You and your pris'ner, and behold him freed,
Nothing is done unto him worthy death:

I will

I will chaſtiſe him therefore and releaſe;
Yet this chaſtiſement rather to allay
Your anger, than ſo merited of him,
I ſhall inflict. Remember this your feaſt
Hath the long plea of cuſtom to be mark'd
With pardon and forbearance: To reprieve
One culprit from his ſentence I am bound
No leſs by inclination than by rule
And uſage immemorial: Make your choice!
But let it fall on innocence not guilt.
Inſtant all voices echo'd forth a cry—
Hence with this man! away with him to death!
Give us the murd'rer, ſet Barabbas free:
Let JESUS periſh!—Wherefore; for what crime?
PILATE exclaim'd: What evil hath he done?
No cauſe of death in JESUS can I find,
Be witneſs for me, juſtice, none in him;
But for that wretch, on whom ye would beſtow
Pardon miſplac'd, ſo various are his crimes,
So black their quality, ye cannot name
A death more terrible than he deſerves.

Take

Take of the guiltleſs blood what ſtripes can draw
To ſatisfy your longing, but forbear
To take the life, if not for pity's ſake,
In honour of yourſelves, that ye may ſay,
There was one prophet, whom ye did not kill.
  Loud as the winds that laſh the raging ſeas
And all as deaf, redoubling now the roar,
Th' infuriate Jews rend their blaſpheming throats,
Howling for blood; 'till deafen'd with the din
Of, Crucify him! crucify him! dreadful cry,
PILATE, who 'twixt their tumult and the death
Of that juſt Perſon ſaw no middle courſe,
By which t' eſcape, one ſolemn act prepar'd,
By expiatory waſhing of his hands
In preſence of the multitude, to purge
His ſoul, and thereof God alone is judge,
From the pure blood of that devoted Lamb.
  Behold! he cries, I pour this water forth,
And therein make ablution of my ſoul
From all participation in your crime,
By waſhing of my hands from every ſtain

Of

Of this inhuman ſacrifice, each ſpot
And ſprinkling of this guiltleſs Victim's blood.
Reſt on your heads the murder! I am clean.
This ſaid, he turn'd and fix'd a pitying look
Upon the LORD; then ſigh'd and gave the word:
Eager as hounds, when ſlipp'd upon their prey,
In ruſh the throng, and ſoon the hiſſing ſcourge
Whirl'd with impetuous ſwing aloud reſounds
Gaſhing that ſacred fleſh, whoſe bleeding ſtripes
Heal'd our ſin-wounded ſouls; upon his brow
A thorny crown they fix, whoſe tortu'ring ſpikes,
Thruſt rudely in by ſacrilegious hands,
Furrow his temples and with crimſon ſtreams
Cover his face divine: Him thus abus'd,
Mangled with ſtripes and all o'er bath'd in blood,
In purple robe they ſcornfully array
And drag to public view.—Behold the man!—
PILATE proclaim'd with horror in his voice
And out-ſtretch'd arm, that pointed to a ſight,
Which had to pity mov'd their ſteely hearts,
Had they not been of metal forg'd by fiends
And temper'd in the ſterneſt fires of hell.

Dry-ey'd,

Dry-ey'd, as rock of adamant unmov'd,
Obdurate to his ſorrows they look'd on,
Nor from their crucifying clamor ceas'd,
Till PILATE, now all hope for JESUS loſt,
Yielding to their tumultuous fury, cried,
Take him and do your bloody work yourſelves:
Impoſe it not on me; I find no cauſe
Of death, no fault in JESUS. Take ye him
And crucify him! Of his guiltleſs blood
Lo! I am innocent: ſee ye to that!
On us and on our children be his blood!—
Then anſwer'd all the Jews. Tremendous words,
Tremendouſly fulfill'd! And now afreſh
They clamor for the croſs; when thus the judge—
Would you that I ſhould crucify your king?—
We have no king but Cæſar, they rejoin,
Nor art thou Cæſar's friend to ſpare this man.—
'Twas paſt; to that dread name the Roman bow'd
Obedient, and from his ſad heart ſigh'd forth
Th' extorted doom—Death to the LORD OF LIFE!

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Judas Iſcariot ſeized with remorſe returns the thirty pieces of ſilver to the prieſts and departs: Mammon reaſſumes the habit of a Levite, and meeting Judas after he had returned the money to the prieſts, inſtigates him to deſtroy himſelf. That evil ſpirit now takes wing and repairs to the wilderneſs, convenes the dæmons from all parts of Paleſtine, and informing them of Satan's expulſion from earth, warns them by his command to betake themſelves to flight before the hour of Chriſt's crucifixion: This is no ſooner announced than the whole infernal hoſt breaks up in diſorder and diſperſes to various parts of the world therein deſcribed. —The ſubject of the Crucifixion is now brought forward: The proceſſion ſets out for Mount Calvary; Chriſt bearing his croſs is bewailed by the ſpectators as he paſſes: He is ſeen by Gabriel and the angels with him from the mount, on which they were ſtationed: He addreſſes himſelf to the daughters of Jeruſalem: The executioners nail his hands and feet to the croſs; the prieſts revile him and call upon him to come down; one of the malefactors crucified with him caſts the ſame in his teeth; he is reproved by the other, whoſe penitence is rewarded by the promiſe of immediate ſalvation and glory: Chriſt from the croſs recommends his mother to John the beloved diſciple: Chriſt dies: The ſun is darkened, the earth quakes, the rocks are rent, and the bodies of the ſaints and prophets are raiſed from the dead and appear upon earth: The prieſts and elders, alarmed by theſe prodigies, reſort to Pilate and demand a guard of Romans to defend the ſepulchre, leſt the diſciples ſhould take away the body of Chriſt and pretend that he was riſen: Pilate replies, that they have a watch; bids them ſee to it themſelves, and diſmiſſes them.

CALVARY.

BOOK VI.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

"On us and on our children be his blood!"—
Such was your imprecation, O ye Jews,
When in your ſight the world's Redeemer ſtood
Gaſh'd o'er with wounds, and emptying ev'ry vein
For man's redemption; and behold! it flows,
It whelms upon you in a flood-gate tide;
Steep'd to the lips ye are in all the blood
Of all the righteous ſhed upon the earth,
From blood of righteous Abel to the blood
Of Zechariah, whom your fathers ſton'd
Betwixt the altar and the houſe of God.
Ye have enough; the mark is on your race;
Ye have drawn down the judgment ye provok'd,
It reſts upon you: Yet for you no reſt,
No ſtation, no abiding-place is found;

Strangers

Strangers and weary wand'rers upon earth,
If in the duſt of your Jeruſalem
With foot proſcrib'd ye dare to tread, ye die;
A ſavage race uſurps your ſacred mount,
And Jordan echoes an unhallow'd name;
Should ye but ſtop to ſhed a filial tear
Upon the ſoil where your forefathers ſleep,
Woe to the circumcis'd that ſo is found!
Oh! ſlow of heart, when will ye underſtand,
That thus afflicted, ſcatter'd and diſpers'd
Through every clime and kingdom of the world
Ye are ſent forth to publiſh, as ye paſs,
How truly CHRIRT predicted of your fate;
And though your lips deny, your ſufferings prove
That prophet JESUS, whom your fathers ſlew,
Was Savior, Chriſt, Meſſias, Son of God.
Amidſt the throng that fill'd the judgment-hall
Stood JUDAS; he upon the watch to' avoid
The Maſter's eye with caution took his poſt;
Yet was his ear to all that JESUS ſpake
Still preſent, and, though few the words, yet ſtrong

And potent of thoſe few the' impreſſive truth.
There was a magic ſweetneſs in his voice,
A note that ſeem'd to ſhiver every nerve
Entwin'd about his heart, though now corrupt,
Debas'd and harden'd. Ill could he abide,
Murderer although he were, the dying tones
Of him, whom he had murder'd: 'Twas the voice
As of a ſpirit in the air by night
Heard in the meditation of ſome crime
Or ſleep-created in the troubled ear
Of conſcience, crying out, Beware! It ſmote
Upon the ſoul, for it was CHRIST who ſpake,
Well then might JUDAS tremble; 'twas the traitor
Liſtning the plea of innocence betray'd,
Well might that plea awaken his remorſe.
When the perverting witneſſes depos'd
To crimes, of which he knew his Maſter free,
The refutation quiver'd on his lips,
And hard he ſtruggled to bring forth the words,
Yet could not, tongue-ty'd with deſpair and ſhame.
But if his hearing ſo alarm'd his heart,

What were his feelings, when at times his eye
Glanc'd on the ſacred perſon of his Lord,
Bound like a felon, his defenceleſs hands
In manacles confin'd behind his back,
His cheeks with blows ſufflated, and his face,
Oh, piteous! with blaſpheming ſlaver ſtain'd;
Then ſtripp'd, transform'd, in purple ſtole array'd,
Saluted with the inſolent All-hail,
King of the Jews! a ſpectacle of ſport
And merriment to all the ſcoffing crowd?
Could heart of man bear this, who had beheld
His miracles, his mercies; prov'd his love,
His patience, his forbearance; ſhar'd his cares,
His labors and his watchings; heard his voice,
When tempeſt-toſt, rebuke the elements,
Though ſilent now amidſt the roar of tongues?
'Twas all that prieſtly malice could inflict,
But more than MAMMON'S convert could ſupport.
Yet worſe had theſe tormentors in reſerve
To agonize his ſoul, another ſcene
To ſhift new horrors on that bloody ſtage:

The

The torturing ſcourge now ſounded in his ears,
The mangled fleſh flew off in tatter'd ſtripes,
The crimſon ſtream ran down, the pavement drank
Libation of his immolated blood:
The hall rebellow'd with the echoing cry
Of monſters, who applauded every ſtroke,
Wolves, vultures, Oh, for words to ſpeak them worſe!
Men turn'd to dæmons. Traitor though he were,
Son of perdition, this was all too much.
Take hence, he cried, take back your bribe accurſt,
Damn'd price of damning deed! Tell o'er your coin;
Count out your thirty pieces, for each piece
Is thirty thouſand daggers to my heart:
Burthen'd too much already with my ſins,
I ſhould but into worſe damnation ſink
Under this mercenary load oppreſt.
I have betray'd the innocent; too late
For pardon, I am paſt redemption loſt;
Ye may redeem the time, if ye recall
Your fatal condemnation and atone
To that juſt perſon ye have doom'd to death;

If not, ye crucify the Lord of Life.
This ſaid, he threw the thirty pieces down
And ſtrait departed; they to his retort
Short anſwer made remorſeleſs and malign.
And now diſburthen'd of his filthy bribe,
It ſeem'd as though his conſcience would permit
A momentary pauſe for one ſhort gleam
Of hope to viſit his benighted ſoul:
'Twas ſomething like atonement, 'twas one ſtep
Turn'd backward from the precipice of ſin
And pointed tow'rds repentance; 'twas the laſt
Faint effort that reluctant nature made
To ſtruggle 'gainſt ſelf-murder; but how vain!
For MAMMON, once the tyrant of man's heart,
Ill brooks expulſion thence, from youth to age,
From age to life's extremeſt hour he holds
Abſolute empire, nor does hell contain
Spirit ſo jealous of uſurp'd command.
He in the boſoms of thoſe impious prieſts
Held high pre-eminence, and them amidſt,
Himſelf unſeen, had noted all that paſs'd;

And much indignant to be now abjur'd
Of that compunctious traitor, ſwift as thought,
Such was his power of motion, took the form
And habit of that Levite firſt aſſum'd,
And him cloſe following to the outward hall,
There with theſe taunting words aſſail'd his ear.
A loſing game, friend JUDAS, thou haſt play'd
To ſet thy ſoul upon a deſperate caſt,
And after pay the ſtake on either ſide.
What folly is it to be knave by halves!
Who would ſtrike virtue in the face, and then
Aſk pardon for the blow; fall off from truth,
Enliſt with falſehood and take pay for treaſon,
Then by a paltry plea of reſtitution
Think to compound one treſpaſs by another,
Deſertion by deſertion? Get thee hence,
Thou ſhame to manhood! wring out the ſad dregs
Of thy deteſted life in hopeleſs tears,
For thou haſt thrown away both worlds at once;
All gain in this, all glory in the next.
And what art thou, cried JUDAS, ſo to gall

A wounded ſpirit, wounded by thy arts,
Tempter accurſt? Human thou canſt not be,
Elſe thou wouldſt find ſome pity in thy heart
For wretch like me. Who but thyſelf ſeduc'd
My loyalty from CHRIST? Who ſapp'd my faith?
Who fix'd this adder to my breaſt but thou?
Thou, dæmon as thou art, haſt hurl'd me down
From my high hope to fathomleſs abyſs
Of miſery and deſpair, from heav'n to hell.
Rail not on me, quoth MAMMON, but thyſelf
And thine own folly; there the charge were juſt.
Didſt thou not ſell thy Maſter for a bribe?
My part was faithfully perform'd; the price
Condition'd for was paid. What wouldſt thou more?
I needed treaſon, and I ſought out thee
As fitteſt for my purpoſe: Envious, proud,
Luſtful of pelf, a villain ready-made
And ripe for miſchief, ſuch I mark'd thee down;
Nay, and yet better; for I thought thee whole
And perfect villain with no rotten part
Of penitence to mar thee; but, behold,

Thou

Thou haſt deceiv'd me vilely, and haſt got
A blinking vice about thee, a perverſe
And retrograde depravity of ſoul,
That makes thee hateful to my ſight: Begone!
That thou art wicked put not me to blame;
Hadſt thou been conſtant I had made thee rich,
And riches would have ſav'd thee from contempt;
Now thou art poor and loathſome. Hence; avaunt!
One remedy I'll give thee for deſpair,
This cord, a remnant of thy Maſter's bonds;
A legacy moſt opportunely left
To heal thy cares and recompence thy love:
Take, and apply it to it's proper uſe;
It tied his limbs: Let it encaſe thy throat.
He ſaid, and ſtooping, from the pavement took
The cord there left, and hurling it with ſcorn
To the deſponding traitor diſappear'd:
Nor did that wretch the fatal gift reject,
But eager ſeiz'd the inſtrument of death,
And ſoon within a darkſome vault beneath
The judgment-hall fit ſolitude he found

And beam appropriate to his deſperate uſe;
Whereto appendent he breath'd out his ſoul,
Not daring to put up one prayer for peace
At his dark journey's end; but trembling, wild,
Confus'd, of reaſon as of hope bereft,
With heaving breaſt and ghaſtly ſtaring eyes
There betwixt heav'n and earth, of both renounc'd,
Hung terrible to ſight, a bloated corpſe.
  Oh! how ſhall raſh and ignorant man preſume
To judge for God, and on his narrow ſcale
Think to mete out by limits and degrees
Immeaſurable mercy? Who can tell
How high the ſorrows of man's ſuffering heart
Aſcend tow'rds heav'n, how ſwift contrition flies,
What words find paſſage to the throne of grace,
What in mid-way are loſt, diſpers'd in air
And ſcatter'd to the winds? Oh! that my harp
Could ſound that happy note, which ſtirs the ſtring
Reſponſive, that kind Nature hath entwin'd
About the human heart, and by whoſe clue
Repentance, heav'nly monitreſs, reclaims

The

The youthful wanderer from his dang'rous maze
To tread her peaceful paths and ſeek his God:
So could my fervent my effectual verſe
Avail, poſterity ſhould then engrave
That verſe upon my tomb to tell the world
I did not live in vain. But heedleſs man,
Deaf to the muſic of the moral ſong,
By Mammon or by Belial led from ſin
To ſin, runs onward in his mad career,
Nor once takes warning of his better guide,
Till at the barrier of life's little ſpan
Arriv'd, he ſtops: Death opens to his view
A hideous gulph; in vain he looks around
For the loſt ſeraph Hope; beſide him ſtands
The tyrant fiend and urges to the brink;
Behind him black deſpair with threat'ning frown
And gorgon ſhield, whoſe interpoſed orb
Bars all retreat, and with it's ſhade involves
Life's brighter proſpects in one hideous night.
So JUDAS fell; ſo like him every wretch,
By the ſame filthy Mammon lur'd, ſhall fall.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile the vengeful dæmon unappeas'd,
Pond'ring the warning of his Stygian Lord
Late driv'n from earth, and mindful that the charge
And conduct of hell's hoft on him devolv'd
Now claim'd his warieft thought, upon the wing
Sets forth full fail to fummon his compeers,
As many' as in that quarter might be found,
And them apprize of their foul lofs incurr'd
By their great captain's fall, and what difpatch
Behoves them now put forth timely to 'fcape
Impending danger of their chief foreſeen,
If CHRIST's death-hour fhould unawares furprize
Them idly ftation'd, or with curious gaze
Hovering about his crofs. So forth he goes:
But firft to fpy the land he wheels his flight
Athwart Mount Calvary, and there on guard
A file of heav'nly warriors he defcries
Covering the facred hill, and at their head
GABRIEL in golden panoply array'd,
Arm'd at all points, commander of the band.
The fate of SATAN, and the recent fight

Of

Of CHEMOS' ghaſtly wound, with guilty fears
Haunting his coward fancy, warn'd him fly
Beyond the range of that ſtrong ſpear, from which
Spirit more warlike than himſelf had fled.
As when a pirate galley on the ſcout,
Roving the ſeas of ſome ſtrong-guarded coaſt,
In bay or inlet moor'd under the lea
Of headland promontory' at anchor ſpies
A warlike fleet, whoſe tow'ring maſts and ſails
Arrang'd for ſea beſpeak their ready trim,
Down goes the helm at once, the felon crew
Beſtir all hands and veer the veſſel round
To ſeaward, then ply oars and ſails for life:
So at the ſight of that angelic band
The Stygian ſcout wheel'd round and ſped his flight
Sheer to the wilderneſs on ſwifteſt wing.
There on the watch AZAZEL haply found
He bade ſound forth the loud Satanic trump,
Heard through all Paleſtine, at call whereof
Spi'rits, to whatever element affix'd,
In troops ſwift-poſting on the charmed winds,

Came

Came from all parts; from Sidon and from Tyre
New ris'n amidſt the waves; from Gaza's coaſt,
Meridian limit, to the ſnow-capt mounts
Hermon and Libanus, and them beyond
From Epidaphne on Orontes' ſtream,
Fam'd for it's grove prophetic; from the banks
Of Pharphar and Abana, Rimmon's haunts;
From Byblus, where Aſtarte's wanton train
Howl for the death of Thammuz, yearly loſt
And found as oft by the love-frantic dames.
Theſe on the deſart heath alighting ſtand
Obedient to the ſignal; all around
Expectant of their arch-angelic chief
They caſt an anxious look, but look in vain:
Him in far other region they ſhall find
In chains faſt bound amidſt eternal fires,
His diſmal dwelling, for them alſo' reſerv'd
In God's appointed time. To whom the fiend.
I muſe not, warriors, that ye ſtand amaz'd
To ſee yourſelves in abſence of our chief
Here ſummon'd by his arch-angelic trump,

Which

Which other breath than his before ne'er fill'd;
But public danger urges this bold ſtep,
In me preſumptuous, had I not to plead
Your ſafety for my warrant, and withal
His laſt ſad mandate earneſtly bequeath'd
At parting, when ſole witneſs I beheld
His utter loſs, diſcomfiture and flight.
Ah, friends! how ſympathetic with my ſoul
Is that deep general groan, which now I hear!
Full cauſe, immortal mourners, have we all
To groan and beat our breaſts, nor I the leaſt,
Whoſe melancholy taſk it is to pour
Theſe heavy tidings in your grieved ears.
But let us yet remember what we are,
And be not therefore heartleſs, though bereft
Of him, who was the head and brain of all.
Many and mighty are the chiefs yet left,
Though he prime chief no longer ſhall review
This widow'd hoſt. Of SATAN the return
Is deſp'rate, ſuch a whirlwind caught him up,
So ſtrong a ſouthern blaſt at CHRIST's command

Blew

Blew him beyond the ſtretch of angel ken
Right onward to the realm of antient Night
Impetuous through the empyrean void
Sheer on the level wing. Of him the fate
Is worſe than doubtful; of his Victor's power
And Godhead irreſiſtible what proof
Greater than this ſad downfall can we need,
Or after ſuch example what provoke?
Behoves us now prepare for inſtant flight;
This our late chief, prophetic in his fall,
With his laſt words enjoin'd me to propound
To theſe our legions ſcatter'd o'er the coaſts
Of Paleſtine, whom elſe the coming hour
Of CHRIST's myſterious paſſion ſhall involve
In like diſgrace and ruin with your prince,
Who to his lateſt moment upon earth
Was ſtudious of your ſafety. I have now
In words unworthy of my charge, yet ſuch
As heart o'erwhelm'd with ſorrow can ſupply,
Surrender'd to your ears my painful truſt.
But whither to repair, whom to elect

As

As captain and conductor of this hoſt,
Now headleſs, conſcious that ſuch high command
With none but with the worthieſt ſhould be lodg'd,
I, as becomes me, to your wiſer thoughts
Submit, and with the general choice ſhall cloſe.
No more, for now with ſudden panic ſeiz'd,
The Stygian hoſt, no voice imperial heard
Nor rule nor order kept, uproſe at once
Diſbanded, lawleſs; dreadful was the yell
Of that infernal rout, a ſwarm as thick
As locuſts, making horrid night beneath
Their wings, that with like clangor beat the air,
As of a flock of cormorants diſturb'd
From ſome lone iſland on the rocky coaſt
Of Chili, where they haunt; ſo they with cry
More hideous mount, there hover for a while,
Then to all points diſperſe, as chance falls out,
Or ſhort conſult preſcribes. Some to the South
With Iſis and Oſiris at their head
To Memphis, Thin and Tamis take their flight;
There with the beſtial deities to herd,

Birds,

Birds, ſerpents, reptiles, monſters of the Nile,
Gods that would half unfurniſh Noah's ark:
Some with Melcartus, demi-god of Tyre,
Light ſhort, and in his temple refuge take,
Where arm'd with maſſy club and lion hide
His huge athletic idol frowning ſtands:
Others with Rimmon eaſtward wing their way
To fam'd Damaſcus; there in bow'ring ſhades
By rilling fountains on the flowery turf
To doze away the ſoft oblivious hours,
A ſlumb'ring ſynod: Some the golden ſpires
Of Nineveh attract and Niſroc's fane,
Stain'd with Sennacherib's imperial blood,
There by the parricidal princes ſhed:
To Byblus and Belitus others ſpeed,
Light feathery wantons by Aſtarte led
With looſe love-ditties and ſoft ſmiles lur'd on
To page her pride and deck her amorous ſports:
But of the reſt far greater part repair
To high Olympus, where preſides the power
Of thundering Baäl; he that ſtation keeps

Pre-eminent

Pre-eminent o'er all the idol gods,
And in his feſtive hall rich nectar quaffs
With purple lips, and midnight revels holds
Luxurious, ſenſual, lewd, in vice immers'd:
Yet ſome there were and of no vulgar note,
Who, grief to tell! to the biforked mount
Flew off, and there with the Parnaſſian maids
Held ſhameful dalliance, from whoſe lewd embrace
Deſcended a whole family of bards
Corruptive, illegitimate and baſe;
A ſpurious breed of wickedneſs and wit;
A Muſe's genius with a Dæmon's heart:
MAMMON meanwhile, a ſolitary ſprite,
Selfiſh, moroſe and ev'n by dev'ils abhor'd,
Hied him alone, on ſordid thoughts intent,
To rummage in Pactolus' ſands for gold;
None join'd, nor ſought he partner in his flight,
His ſole ambition to engroſs and hoard.
Now came the awful conſummation on,
The hour of promiſe, dimly ſhadow'd out
By types and prophecies, when from the womb

Of myſtery, long travailing in pains
And groanings, now in ripe time ſhould ſpring forth
Her full form'd revelation to diſpel
Th' Obſcure of antient days and uſher in
Twin birth of Immortality and Life.
Now God by the' off'ring of his only Son
The type of Abraham's ſacrifice fulfill'd,
Who, though unconſcious of that type, by faith
Righteous, was of the promiſes made heir.
And now, as Moſes in the wilderneſs
Lifted the ſerpent, ſo the Son of man
Exalted on the croſs ſhall heal the world
Of ſin, and expiate the wide waſting plague.
Now the peace-offering of the ſpotleſs Lamb
By one concluſive Paſſover ſhall rend
The law's ſymbolic veil, and all abſolve,
Whoſe conſciences are ſprinkled with his blood,
From puniſhment entail'd upon the world
By man's firſt diſobedience. Forth He comes
From condemnation: Ye too from your tombs
Come forth, ye prophets!—Son of Amoz, thou

Prepare

Prepare for reſurrection: Come and ſee,
Not darkly' as in a glaſs, but face to face,
The object of thy viſion; Him, the man
Of ſorrows; Him, who like a lamb is brought
To ſlaughter: Mark the travail of his ſoul;
Witneſs how he is ſtricken for our ſins,
Witneſs how we are healed by his ſtripes,
And by the note and comment of his death
Conſtrue thine own predictions. Forth he comes
From condemnation under Roman guard,
Bearing his croſs: Upon his bleeding brow,
Enſign alike of royalty and woe,
A thorny crown; no friendly hand is found
To wipe away the tear mingled with blood,
That hangs upon his cheek: The ſoldiers cry,
Room for the criminal! and reſt their pikes
To keep the crowd aloof; ſtaggering beneath
The ponderous burthen of his croſs he faints
And ſinks to earth o'erſpent, till one is found,
A ſturdy ſtranger of Cyrenean birth,
On whom to lay the venerable load.

Hail, SIMON! bleſſed above men wert thou,
If faith in Him that ſuffer'd on that croſs
Glow'd in thy heart and furniſh'd thee with zeal
To render this laſt ſervice to thy Lord.
Without the city walls there was a mount
Call'd CALVARY: The common grave it was
Of malefactors; there to plant his croſs
It was decreed: Long was the way to death,
And like the aſcent to glory hard to climb.
Upon the ſummit ſtood the Angel troop
Of MAMMON ſeen, though to man's filmed eye
Inviſible: Here GABRIEL from the heighth
Noting the ſad proceſſion, had eſpied
The ſuffering Son of God amidſt the throng
Dragg'd ſlowly on by rude and ruffian hands
To ſhameful execution: Horror-ſtruck,
Pierc'd to the heart th' indignant Seraph ſhook
His threat'ning ſpear, and with the other hand
Smote on his thigh in agony of ſoul
For man's ingratitude: gliſt'ning with tears
His eyes, whence late celeſtial ſweetneſs beam'd,

Now

Now ſhot a fiery glance on them below,
Then, raiſing them to heav'n, he thus exclaim'd:
Oh! that the Everlaſting would permit
His Angels to chaſtiſe theſe impious men,
And from their hands his holy Son redeem,
Whom in the heav'n of heav'ns we have beheld
Beloved of the Father, ever bleſt,
At the right hand of Pow'r in glory thron'd!
But this for purpoſes beyond our reach
God ever wiſe forbids, and who againſt
God's interdict ſhall ſtir? Therefore retire,
Stand off and wait the time! If CHRIST commands,
We are his miniſters to do his will,
Be it to lift this mountain from it's baſe
And whelm it on his murderers; if not,
Patient ſpectators we muſt here abide
And let the ſacrilegious work proceed;
Knowing that God hath ſaid, I will revenge:
Vengeance belongeth to the Lord alone.
Now on the news of their great Prophet's fate
Each heart with fearfulneſs and trembling ſeiz'd,

Through all Jeruſalem the tumult ran;
Native or ſtranger, aged or infirm,
None in the Holy City now kept houſe:
Where'er the Savior paſs'd his preſence drew
Thouſands to gaze; and many' an aching heart
Heav'd ſilent the laſt tributary ſigh
In memory of his mercies; zealous ſome
Ruſh'd in the grateful bleſſing to beſtow
For health or limbs or life itſelf reſtor'd:
But theſe the ſoldiers rudely thruſt aſide,
And ſome with brutal violence they ſmote,
Thick'ning their files to hem their Pris'ner cloſe,
As fearful of a reſcue. Loud the cry
Of women, whoſe ſoft ſex to pity prone
Melts at thoſe ſcenes, which flinty-hearted man
Dry-ey'd contemplates: Mothers in their arms
Held up their infants, and with ſhrill acclaim
Begg'd a laſt bleſſing for thoſe innocents,
Whoſe ſweet ſimplicity ſo well he lov'd,
And ever as he met them laid his hands
Upon their harmleſs heads with gentle love

And gracious benediction, breathing heav'n
Into their hearts. Oh! happy babes, ſo bleſt!
Fenc'd in with ſhields and ſpears and compaſs'd round
With Roman guards the perſecuting prieſts,
Elders and ſcribes follow'd their Victim's ſteps
Amidſt the ſcoffs and hiſſings of the crowd;
And ſtill as CHRIST approach'd the fatal ſpot
Loud and more loud the ſad lamentings grew,
Till at the foot of the funereal mount
Arriv'd he ſtopt, and, turning to the group
Of mourners, theſe prophetic words addreſs'd:
Daughters of Solyma, weep not for me,
Weep rather for yourſelves and for your babes;
For lo! the dawn of ſorrows is at hand;
The dread prediction preſſes to the birth,
When through Jeruſalem a voice ſhall cry—
Give thanks, ye childleſs matrons, and confeſs
A barren bed, your worſt misfortune deem'd,
Now your beſt bleſſing: Break forth into joy,
Ye, at whoſe breaſts no infant ever hung,
For ye have none to mourn. Now to the clefts

And caverns of the mountains they ſhall ſay,
Fall on us, cover us, ye rocky vaults,
And hide us from this wrath! For if with us
Already it begins, what ſhall the end
Of the ungodly and the ſinner be?
If the green tree cannot abide the ſtorm,
How ſhall the dry eſcape?—And now no more:
Upon the ſummit of Mount CALVARY
They rear his croſs; conſpicuous there it ſtands
An enſign of ſalvation to the world.
Kneel, all ye Chriſtian nations! bow your hearts
And worſhip your Redeemer, in whoſe death
Ye live, and from whoſe iſſuing wounds flows life,
By his blood purchas'd; hope's beſt promiſe flows
Of joys immortal for the juſt reſerv'd.
The ſoldiers, now by their centurion form'd
In hollow orb around the croſs, begin
Their horrid prelude to the murd'rous ſcene;
And firſt his veſture, their accuſtom'd ſpoil
And perquiſite, they part; but for his coat
From top to bottom woven without ſeam,

That

That they rend not, but on it caſt their lots
Whoſe it ſhall be entire. Upon his croſs
In Hebrew, Greek and Latin they inſcribe,
So PILATE will'd though by the prieſts oppos'd,
"JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS!"
This title, in three ſeveral tongues diſplay'd,
Read all thoſe crucifiers of their King
And murmur'd as they read; hard to the laſt,
Obdurate, unbelieving. Now began
The executioners to ſpread his arms
Upon the beam tranſverſe, and through his palms,
Monſters of cruelty! and through his feet
They drove their ſpiked nails; whilſt at the clang
Of thoſe dire engines every feeling heart
Utter'd a groan, that with the mingled ſhrieks
Of mothers and of children pierc'd the air.
The prieſts and elders gnaſh'd their teeth for rage
And rancorous ſpite to hear him ſo bewail'd:
Women dropt down convuls'd and on the ſpot
Let fall their burthens immature for birth.
Words fail to paint the horrors of that ſcene:

The

The very ſoldiers paus'd and ſtood aghaſt,
Muſing what theſe lamentings might portend;
Scarce dar'd they to purſue the dreadful work
Awe-ſtruck and gazing on the face divine
Of the ſuſpended Savior. He, though ſtretch'd
Upon the rack of agony, to heav'n
Raiſing his eyes—Father of mercy, cried,
Forgive them, for they know not what they do!
O ruthleſs murderers! could ye hear theſe words
And yet perſiſt? Blaſphemers! can ye read
And not adore? The people ſtand at gaze:
The rulers eager to provoke anew
Their quailing reſolution with one voice
Cry out amain—Ah! thou, that on the croſs
Now hangeſt, thou, that boaſtedſt to deſtroy
Our temple and rebuild it in three days,
Where art thou? If thou be the very CHRIST,
The King of Iſrael, now come down, deſcend
And ſave thyſelf; this ſeeing, we will then
Confeſs thee and believe. But 'tis in vain:
He hears not, he replies not, he expires:

Others

Others he ſav'd; himſelf he cannot ſave.
Peace, peace, revilers! nor expect reply:
Think not that CHRIST, thus dying for mankind,
Will from his great commiſſion turn aſide
And ſtop the ſacrifice and quit the croſs,
On which his body offer'd up for ſin
As on an altar lies. Your taunts he hears;
Yet will he not deſcend call'd down by you,
Nor at the door of death ſhrink back and leave
Short of perfection his all-glorious work.
But wait the time, and greater ſign than this
Ye ſhall behold, when riſing from the dead
And incorruptible he ſhall return
On earth triumphant o'er the croſs and death.
Yet, ſuch is the perverſeneſs of your hearts,
Him nor deſcending would ye now believe,
Nor re-aſcending will ye then confeſs.
And now behold! on either ſide the croſs
Of CHRIST a wretched malefactor hung
Groaning and writhing in the pangs of death:
When one of theſe, encourag'd by the taunts

Of

Of the reviling prieſts, ſcornful exclaims—
Hear'ſt thou not what they ſay? If thou be CHRIST,
Why art thou in this torture? Save thyſelf,
And us thy fellows from this croſs redeem—
This when his penitent companion heard,
New horrors ſmote his heart, his fault'ring voice
He rais'd, and thus the blaſphemy rebuk'd:
Haſt thou no fear of God, expiring wretch?
Stretch'd as thou art upon the tree of death,
Haſt thou no terror for the wrath to come?
And truly we the merited reward
Of our ill deeds receive, but this juſt Man,
What hath he done? In him no fault is found.
This ſaid, the penitent with faith inſpir'd
Upon the Savior turn'd his dying eyes,
And—Lord! he cried with ſupplicating voice,
When to thy heav'nly kingdom thou ſhalt come,
Oh then remember me!—To him the LORD—
I tell thee of a truth this very day
Thou ſhall be found in Paradiſe with me.
Oh! words of joy, that breathe into the ear

Of

Of the expiring penitent the pledge
Of pardon and acceptance: Words, that waft
The ſoul yet hovering on the lips of faith
Into the heav'n of heav'ns, with grateful heart
We hail the glorious promiſe, which unfolds
The gates of bliſs and preſent entrance gives
To the repentant ſinner. Now no more
Conjecture ponders on the life to come;
Our dying Savior draws aſide the veil,
Through which dim reaſon caught a doubtful glimpſe
Of ſhadowy realms, that ſtretch'd beyond the grave,
Elyſian ſcenes in clouds and miſt involv'd.
Yet with this comfort take the caution too;
For who ſhall ſay what penitence was his,
That earn'd this promiſe? Fatally he errs,
Whoſe hope fore-runs repentance, who preſumes
That God will pardon when he's tir'd of ſin
And like a ſtale companion caſts it off.
Oh! arrogant, deluſive, impious thought,
To meditate commodious truce with Heaven,
When death's ſwift arrow ſmites him unprepar'd,

And

And that protracted moment never comes,
Or comes too late: Turn then, presumptuous man,
Turn to the other sinner on the cross,
Who died reviling, there behold thy doom!
Thou too, the Virgin Mother of our Lord,
By the angelic salutation hail'd
Blest above women, thou amidst the group
Of sympathising mourners at that hour
Wast present, when th' incarnate Virtue, born
Of thine immac'ulate womb, impregn'd of Heav'n,
Hung on the cross expiring: He from thence
On thee disconsolate a dying look
Of tenderest pity cast, and at thy side
Noting the meek disciple whom he lov'd,
Thus both address'd.—Woman, behold thy son:
Son, look upon thy mother!—Sacred charge,
And piously fulfill'd.——Now darkness fell
On all the region round; the shrowded sun
From the impen'itent earth withdrew his light:
I thirst!—the Savior cried, and lifting up
His eyes in agony—My God, my God!

Ah!

W. Brown invt. C. Warren sculp.

CHRIST expiring on the **CROSS.**

Father into thy hands
My spirit I commend then bowd his head,
And died.

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Ah! why haſt thou forſaken me?—exclaim'd.
Yet deem him not forſaken of his God:
Beware that error: 'Twas the mortal part
Of his compounded nature breathing forth
It's laſt ſad agony, that ſo complain'd:
Doubt not that veil of ſorrow was withdrawn,
And heav'nly comfort to his ſoul vouchſaf'd,
Ere thus he cried—Father! into thy hands
My ſpirit I commend:—Then bow'd his head
And died. Now GABRIEL and his heav'nly choir
Of miniſt'ring angels hov'ring o'er the croſs
Receiv'd his ſpi'rit, at length from mortal pangs
And fleſhly pris'on ſet free, and bore it thence
Upon their wings rejoicing. Then behold
A prodigy, that to the world announc'd
A new religion and diſſolv'd the old:
The temple's ſacred vail was rent in twain
From top to bottom 'midſt th' atteſting ſhocks
Of earthquake and the rending up of graves:
Now thoſe myſterious ſymbols, heretofore
Curtain'd from vulgar eyes and holieſt deem'd

Of

Of holies were disply'd to public view:
The mercy-seat with its cherubic wings
O'ershadow'd and the golden ark beneath
Covering the testimony now through the rent
Of that dissever'd vail first saw the light.
A world redeem'd had now no further need
Of types and emblems, dimly shadowing forth
An angry Deity withdrawn from sight
And canopied in clouds: Him face to face
Now in full light reveal'd the dying breath
Of his dear Son appeas'd, and purchas'd peace
And reconcilement for offending man.
Thus the partition wall, by Moses built,
By CHRIST was level'd, and the Gentile world
Enter'd the breach by their great Captain led
Up to the throne of grace, opening himself
Through his own flesh a new and living way.
Then were the oracles of God made known
To all the nations, sprinkled by the blood
Of JESUS and baptiz'd into his death;
So was the birth-right of the elder-born,

Heirs

Heirs of the promiſe, forfeited; whilſt they,
Whom ſin had erſt in bondage held, made free
From ſin and ſervants of the living God,
Now gain'd the gift of God, eternal life.
Soon as theſe ſigns and prodigies were ſeen
Of thoſe who watch'd the croſs, conviction ſmote
Their fear-ſtruck hearts: The ſun at noon-day dark,
The earth convulſive underneath their feet,
And the firm rocks in ſhiver'd fragments rent
Rous'd them at once to tremble and believe.
Then was our Lord by heathen lips confeſs'd,
When the centurion cried—In very truth
This righteous perſon was the Son of God—
The reſt in heart aſſenting ſtood abaſh'd,
Watching in ſilence the tremendous ſcene:
The recollection of his gracious acts,
His dying pray'rs and their own impious taunts
Now roſe in ſad review; too late they wiſh'd
The deed undone and ſighing ſmote their breaſts.
Strait from God's preſence went that Angel forth,
Whoſe trumpet ſhall call up the ſleeping dead

At the laſt day, and bade the Saints ariſe
And come on earth to hail this promis'd hour,
The day-ſpring of Salvation. Forth they came
From their dark tenements, their ſhadowy forms
Made viſible as in their fleſhly ſtate,
And through the Holy City here and there
Frequent they gleam'd, by night, by day with fear
And wonder ſeen of many: Holy ſeers,
Prophets and martyrs from the grave ſet free,
And the firſt-fruits of the redeemed dead.
They, who with CHRIST transfigur'd on the mount
Were ſeen of his diſciples in a cloud
Of dazzling glory, now in form diſtinct
Mingling amidſt the public haunts of men,
Struck terror to all hearts: Ezekiel there,
The captive ſeer, to whom on Chebar's banks
The heav'ns were open'd and the fatal roll
Held forth with dire denunciations fill'd
Of lamentation, mourning and of woe,
Now falling faſt on Iſrael's wretched race:
He too was there, Hilkiah's holy ſon,

With

With loins cloſe girt and glowing lips of fire
By God's own finger touch'd: There might be ſeen
The youthful prophet, Belteſhazzar nam'd
Of the Chaldees, interpreter of dreams,
Knowledge of God beſtow'd, in viſions ſkill'd
And fair and learn'd and wiſe: The Baptiſt here
Girt in his hairy mantle frowning ſtalk'd,
And, pointing to his ghaſtly wound, exclaim'd—
Ye vipers! whom my warning could not move
Timely to flee from the impending wrath,
Now fallen on your heads; whom I indeed
With water, CHRIST hath now with fire baptiz'd:
Barren ye were of fruits, which I preſcrib'd
Meet for repentance, and behold! the axe
Is laid to the unprofitable root
Of every ſapleſs tree, hewn down, condemn'd
And caſt into the fire. Lo! theſe are they,
Theſe ſhadowy forms now floating in your ſight,
Theſe are the harbingers of antient days,
Who witneſs'd the Meſſias and announc'd
His coming upon earth. Mark with what ſcorn
Silent they paſs you by: Them had ye heard,

Them had ye noted with a patient mind,
Ye had not crucified the LORD OF LIFE:
He of theſe ſtones to Abraham ſhall raiſe up
Children, than you more worthy of his ſtock;
And now his winnowing fan is in his hand,
With which he'll purge his floor, and having ſtor'd
The precious grain in garners, will conſume
With fire unquenchable the refuſe chaff.
Thus the terrific Viſion in the ears
Of the aſtoniſh'd multitude declaim'd
With threat'ningvoice,and wrung their conſcious hearts;
Whilſt the blaſpheming prieſts, who in their ſcorn
Triumphant ſaw the Savior of the world
Expiring on the croſs and deem'd him loſt,
Now by the reſurrection of the ſaints,
Uſher'd on earth with prodigies and ſigns,
Confounded and amaz'd, began to doubt
If yet the ſepulchre had power to keep
It's crucified Poſſeſſor ſafe in hold,
And with theſe thoughts perplex'd, maſking their fears
Under pretence of caution, they repair
To PILATE and demand a Roman guard

To

To watch the tomb of CHRIST, and then they add—
For we remember that Deceiver ſaid,
Whilſt he was yet alive, after three days
I will again ariſe; therefore we pray
Command the ſepulchre to be made ſure
Till the third day, leſt his diſciples come
By night and craftily remove him thence;
So the laſt error ſhall outgo the firſt.
But PILATE, whoſe unrighteous judgment ſtill
Sate heavy on his heart, had little care
For what might them befall, and to their ſuit
Briefly reply'd—Why do ye aſk of me
That cuſtody, which in yourſelves ye have?
Take your own watch and to their charge commit
The ſafeguard of that body, which, though dead,
Keeps yet alive your fears: 'Tis your own cauſe,
As ſuch I leave it with you; ſo begone!
He ſaid and turn'd aſide, nor did they tempt
Further diſcourſe, but murm'ring went their way.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

This Book opens with the ſcene of Mount Calvary at the coming on of evening; Chriſt ſtill hanging dead upon the croſs, the diſciples ſtanding apart and the holy women watching, amongſt whom is the Bleſſed Virgin ſupported by St. John, Chriſt having bequeathed her to his care: His addreſs to her on this ſubject, and her reply. The ſoldiers come and break the legs of the two malefactors, but finding Chriſt already dead, they pierce his heart with a ſpear, and blood and water iſſues from the wound: They take him down from the croſs and lay him in the ſepulchre. His ſpirit in the meanwhile is conveyed by the angels into the region of Death; that region deſcribed, and the diſtant proſpect of the bottomleſs pit, where the ſouls of the wicked are in torment: Chriſt points out theſe ſcenes to Gabriel and inſtructs him as to the future objects of his deſcent into this gloomy region. Satan expelled from earth falls proſtrate at the foot of the throne of Death: He makes ſuit to that power for protection: Death rejects his interceſſions: The perſon and palace of the King of Terrors deſcribed: The triumphant entry of Chriſt: Satan is hurled into the bottomleſs pit and there bound by the ſtrong angel; the horrors of that dreadful abode are repreſented: Death humbles himſelf before the Redeemer of mankind, and conſcious that his power is overthrown, tenders his crown to Chriſt as to his conqueror: He lays the key at his feet, which ſets free the ſouls of the Saints, who are deſtined to be partakers of the firſt reſurrection: This key is given to Gabriel with inſtructions for their releaſe: Chriſt in his reply to Death forewarns him of his doom, but ſignifies to him that the diſſolution of his power will not be immediate. The approach of the Saints concludes the Book.

CALVARY.

BOOK VII.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

Now Heſperus renew'd his evening lamp
And hung it forth amid the turbid ſky
To mark the cloſe of this portentous day:
The lab'ring ſun, in his mid-courſe eclips'd,
Darkling at length had reach'd his weſtern goal;
And now it ſeem'd as if all Nature ſlept
O'erſpent and wearied with convulſive throes.
Upon his croſs the martyr'd Savior hung;
Pale through the twilight gleam'd his breathleſs corpſe
And ſilvery white, as when the moon-beam plays
On the ſmooth ſurface of the glaſſy lake;
His thorn-crown'd head upon his breaſt reclin'd;
His arms were wide out-ſpread, as if in act
To' embrace and welcome the converted world:
So were they late expanded, when he cried—

Corse

Come all ye heavy laden, come to me,
And I will give you reſt! Death had not dar'd
To rob thoſe features of one heav'nly grace,
Nor had the worm authority to taint
That incorruptible and hallow'd ſhrine,
Wherein his purity had deign'd to dwell.
The living ſaints here mingling with the dead
Stood round in penſive meditation rapt,
Silent ſpectators of the awful ſcene:
There his diſciples in a group apart,
Like frighted ſheep that cluſter in a ſtorm,
Throng'd each on other interchanging looks
Of ſorrow and deſpair; no voice was heard,
No utterance but of ſighs; though all had need
Of comfort, none had comfort to beſtow.
But PETER, in whoſe ſelf-accuſing breaſt
Grief roll'd in tempeſts, had the whilſt chos'n out
A ſolitary ſpot, where at his length
Outſtretch'd with face incumbent on the ground
He lay like one, whom fortune had caſt off,
Of all hope 'reft, moſt wretched and forlorn.

There

There too the holy Mother might be ſeen,
Like Rizpah, watching o'er her murder'd ſon,
Rooted in earth, a monument of woe.
Beſide her, bath'd in ſympathiſing tears,
Firſt in his Maſter's love, as meek of ſoul,
Stood JOHN, adopted by his dying Lord
Son and ſupporter of that mournful Saint.
At length with reverend love he turn'd his eyes
Upon the Virgin Mother and thus ſpake.
Oh thou! participant with God himſelf
In his incarnate Offspring, if I claim
The glorious title, which my dying Lord
On me, thy ſervant ever, now thy ſon,
Gracious bequeath'd, let not my words offend.
High honor and a truſt than life more dear
Hath CHRIST by this adoption deign'd to caſt
On me unmeriting; yet well I heard
Thoſe ſacred words—Mother, behold thy ſon;
Son, look upon thy mother!—Yes, I heard,
And treaſuring in my heart the rich bequeſt,
Bow'd and obey'd: Ev'n then my zeal had ſpoke

The dictates of devotion, had I dar'd
To break the awful silence of that hour,
Or sacrilegiously divert the ear
Of mute attention, whilst those lips divine,
Those living oracles, had breath to move;
Now mute, alas! for He is now no more,
Who had the words of life: Our hope is quench'd,
Our glory vanish'd. See! the deed is done:
Those murderers have kill'd the Prince of Peace,
Cold on the cross and stiff'ning in the wind
To the rude elements his corpse is left;
Nor is there found, who shall provide a grave
For the sad reliques of the Son of God.
But lo! the heav'ns, that three long hours have mourn'd
In darkness, now throw off their sable shroud:
The earth no longer quakes beneath our feet,
The shatter'd rocks subside; Nature is calm,
The sun unmasks and through disparted clouds
With ruddy twilight streaks the western sky.
And may not we, since God hath now withdrawn
His terrors and aswag'd the wrathful sky,

May

May not we hope, that as his light revives
At the third hour, ſo of his bleſſed Son
The promis'd reſurrection to new life
At the third day ſhall alſo come to paſs?
When, as the ſun emerging from eclipſe
Darkneſs diſpells, ſo CHRIST from out the grave
Ariſing ſhall diſpell our dark deſpair?
To him the holy Mother thus replied:
Thou meek Diſciple, in thy Maſter's love
Pre-eminently bleſt, ſince He, whoſe will
Should govern, ſo decrees it, from this hour
Henceforth I lodge thee in a mother's heart
And hold thee as my ſon; for I perceive
CHRIST from his human nature is withdrawn.
And to mortality hath render'd back
All that from me a mortal he receiv'd:
His Incorruptible now lives with God,
And in that glory I no part muſt claim;
Fleſh cannot ſhare with ſpirit. Henceforth thou,
Thou art my ſon adopted in the place
Of that incarnate Virtue, of whoſe birth

Miraculous

Miraculous the eaſtern ſtar gave ſign,
And Angels witneſs'd him the Son of God.
And now behold! what wonders mark his death:
Whence are theſe prodigies? What but the hand
Of God can ſhake the pillars of the earth,
Seal up the ſun and rend theſe rocks in twain,
Turn day to night, tear down the temple vail,
Break up the graves and bid the ſaints come forth?
Lo, where they paſs as ſenſible to ſight
As in broad day ſubſtantial man to man.
And can we aſk if He be very CHRIST,
Whom ſtars and Angels uſher'd into birth?
Can we doubt Him on whom the Spi'rit of God
Dove-like deſcended? Can we ſtop our ears
Againſt a voice from heav'n? Are we ſo blind,
Dull and inſenſible not to behold
That ſun emergent, and theſe moving ſhapes,
That to reviſit earth have left their graves,
Awaken'd as from ſleep? If theſe can riſe,
If theſe, whoſe bones are moulder'd into duſt,
On whom the worm hath fed for ages, men

As mortal as ourſelves can re-aſcend
Out of the pit, do not theſe ſigns beſpeak
His ſecond coming, who is LORD and CHRIST?
He ſhall, He ſhall return upon the earth
Victorious over death, and we, though now
Humbled in heart and for a ſeaſon ſad,
Yet wavering not in faith and holding faſt
The anchor of our hope, ſhall yet again
Behold his glory, and as now his death
Turns day to night, his reſurrection then
Shall into joy convert our preſent gloom.
But ſee, where PETER proſtrate on the earth
Is loſt in ſorrow: Haſte and bid him riſe;
Tell him the day's at hand when he muſt work.
Hath he not heard the ſervant ſhall not ſleep
In his Lord's abſence? Strengthen thou his heart!
So ſpake theſe Saints, and each to other gave
Alternate ſolace; faith inſpiring hope,
And hope aſſwaging woe. At PETER's ſide
Behold the meek diſciple—Up! he cries,
Awake and put on ſtrength: The Virgin Saint,

The Mother of our Lord, bids thee awake.
Unprofitable grief availeth nought,
But godly ſorrow is approv'd in works
Meet for repentance. Up! for CHRIST, though dead,
Yet ſpeaketh, and ſhall come again on earth:
Woe to that ſervant therefore, whom his Lord
Shall find thus ſleeping; great ſhall be his wrath.
This ſaid, he reach'd his hand and rais'd him up:
He ſtood and ſpake—Servant, of CHRIST approv'd,
Thee and thy bleſſed Sender I obey:
Yet doth my heart, by deep remorſe ſubdued,
Preſs downward to the duſt. A wretch I am,
Who hath denied his Lord: What can I do,
A miſerable man? O righteous JOHN,
When thou ſhalt ſpread abroad, as ſure thou wilt,
The direful doings of this fatal day,
And publiſh to mankind the wond'rous love
Of CHRIST thus dying for them, I conjure thee
Be faithful to the truth, ſcreen not my crime,
Foul though it be, but let the nations know
PETER, who vaunted of himſelf, was falſe.

So

So ſhall they reap inſtruction from my ſhame,
And by deſpiſing me correct themſelves.
Thus ſpake the contrite Saint, when now the prieſts,
Whoſe cuſtom was upon this ſolemn eve
To purge their Golgotha from human blood,
Send forth their guard official to remove
CHRIST and the ſlaves convict before the dawn
Of that great day, too hallow'd to permit
Their bodies feſt'ring on th' ill-omen'd croſs.
And lo! the ſoldiers ſo encharg'd arrive,
Survey the victims and begin the work:
But firſt the pond'rous ſledge with horrid craſh
Deſcending breaks the knees and ankle joints
Of theſe two criminals; for ſtubborn life
Still hover'd on their lips, and now and then
Their heaving boſoms fetch'd a deep-drawn ſigh,
Like the ſlow ſwell of ſeas without a wind.
But when the Savior's body they approach'd
And ſaw there needed not a ſecond blow
To make his death ſecure, the word of God
Prophetic mov'd their elſe obdurate hearts

To break no limb; yet one, ſo deſtin'd, thruſt
His ſpear into his ſide and forthwith flow'd
Water and blood from the heart-piercing wound:
So deep the ſtab, that to life's citadel,
Had life remain'd, the mortal point had reach'd
And there had finiſh'd it. Meanwhile behold!
JOSEPH arrives; a counſellor was he,
But not for death, and rich and juſt withal;
In Ramoth born, where Samuel firſt drew breath,
And as his heart in righteouſneſs and faith
Stood firm with CHRIST whilſt living, ſo his zeal
An honour'able interment to beſtow
On his dead Maſter prompted him to make
Bold ſuit to PILATE for the lifeleſs corpſe,
Nor fail'd he of his ſuit; therefore he came,
So favor'd, to receive the precious charge
Of thoſe dear reliques and with decent rites
Commit them to the grave: Spear'd to the heart,
And death with double diligence enſur'd,
The body they take down; the hands and feet
Pierc'd through with nails and all beſmear'd with blood,
O piteous

O piteous ſpectacle! which to behold
Bathes every angel face in heav'n with tears!
Accurſed Deicides! the time comes on,
When every mark your ſacrilegious hands
Have printed on that corpſe ſhall be a ſeal
To teſtify againſt you, every gaſh
Unclos'd ſhall with it's living lips proclaim
CHRIST in his human attributes renew'd,
Corporeal yet immortal: Then the hand
Of him who doubts ſhall probe thoſe gaping wounds,
And by the evidence of ſenſe compel
The faithleſs and reluctant to believe.
And now they place the body on the bier,
Cleans'd of the blood and wrapt in ſeemly cloths:
Then under guard convey it to the vault
Hewn in the rock, where never corpſe was laid,
And there conſign it to it's dark abode,
Rolling a maſſy fragment to the door,
Unwieldy, vaſt; and having ſeal'd the ſtone,
They poſt their centinels, and ſo depart.
Meanwhile the' unhouſed ſpirit of CHRIST, ſet free

From groſs communion with his earthly clay,
Borne with the meteor's ſpeed upon the wings
Of mightieſt Cherubim had now approach'd
The dark confines of Death's engulph'd domain:
Here at the barrier of that vaſt profound
On the firm adamant, from whence uproſe
The tow'ring ſtructure of hell's ebon gate,
The heav'nly Viſitant deſcending bade
His cherub bearers ſtoop their wings, on which
As in a plumey chariot he rode;
And now alighted on the dreadful brink
The Savior paus'd and downward caſt his eye
O'er that immeaſurable blank, the grave
Of univerſal Nature, founded then
And charter'd to the gloomy powers of Sin
And Death Sin-born, when the primæval pair
Loſt immortality and fell from God.
The ſtarry lamps of heav'n here loſt their light,
No ſun-beam ever reach'd this diſmal realm:
Yet in CHRIST's ſpi'rit divine that living light,
Which from the Father of creation flow'd

Before

Before all time, inherently ſupplied
Self-furniſh'd viſion to explore the bounds
Of that oblivious-pit, in whoſe dark womb
Myriads of unredeemed ſouls were plung'd;
All who of human birth had paſs'd that gate
From righteous Abel, the firſt-fruit of death,
To him, whoſe heart had newly ceas'd to beat,
Were in that gulph immers'd. At fartheſt end
Of that Obſcure a pillary cloud aroſe
Of ſulph'rous ſmoke, that from hell's crater ſteam'd;
Whence here and there by intermittent gleams
Blue flaſhing fires burſt forth, that ſparkling blaz'd
Up to the iron roof, whoſe echoing vault
Reſounded ever with the dolorous groans
Of the ſad crew beneath: Thence might be heard
The wailing ſuicide's remorſeful plaint;
The murd'rer's yelling ſcream, and the loud cry
Of tyrants in that fiery furnace hurl'd,
Vain cry! th' unmitigated furies urge
Their ruthleſs taſk and to the cauldron's edge
With ceaſeleſs toil huge blocks of ſulphur roll,

Pil'd mountains high to feed the greedy flames:
All theſe, th' accurſed brood of Sin, were once
The guilty pleaſures, the falſe joys, that lur'd
Their ſenſual vota'riſts to th' infernal pit:
Them their fell mother, watchful o'er the work,
With eye that ſleep ne'er clos'd and ſnaky ſcourge
Still waving o'er their heads, for ever plies
To keep the fiery deluge at it's heighth;
And ſtops her ears againſt the clam'rous din
Of thoſe tormented, who for mercy call
Age after age implor'd and ſtill denied.
  Theſe when th' all-preſent Spirit of CHRIST deſcried
At diſtance toſſing in the ſulph'rous lake,
And heard their diſmal groans, the conſcious ſenſe
Of human weakneſs by experience earn'd
In his own mortal body now put off,
And recollection that Himſelf of late
In his ſublunar pilgrimage had prov'd
Temptations like to their's, drew from his ſoul
A ſigh of nat'ral pity, as from man
To man although in merited diſtreſs:

But

But when his human ſympathy gave place
To judgment better weigh'd and riper thoughts
Congenial with the Godhead reaſſum'd,
The juſtice of their doom, th' abhorrence due
To their vile deeds by voluntary act
Of will, left free, committed in deſpight
Of conſcience moving them to better thoughts,
Turn'd him indignant from the loathed ſight
Of theſe impenitents; when, after pauſe,
To GABRIEL, chief of the cherubic hoſt
And late his ſtrength'ning angel, thus he ſpake.
GABRIEL, or e'er from this high ſteep we launch
With prone deſcent into this gloomy vaſt,
This ſhadowy dark inane, the realm of Death,
After ſo ſwift a race through all the ſpheres
From earth to this hell's portal, it behoves
Thee and thy plumed cohort to recruit
The vigor of your wings; for ſure I am
That in this ſubterranean we ſhall find
No breeze from heav'n's pure æther to give aid
To motion, or uphold in ſteady poiſe

Your feath'ry vans outſtretch'd; nor may we look
For ſtar or planet or one ſtraggling ray
From circumlucent ſun to guide our courſe
Through this obſcure domain of Night and Death.
Nor leſs behoves thee, gentle as thou art,
Friendlieſt to man of all heav'n's angel hoſt
And for each taſk of mercy and of love
Firſt in the choice of God, to arm thy heart
For the ſad ſpectacles, the diſmal ſcenes,
Which we muſt needs encounter in this gulph
Of human miſery, this world of woes,
Fit reſidence for SATAN and his crew
Of outcaſt angels; ſad reverſe to thee
Inhabitant of heav'n: And now, behold!
Where hell's infernal pit with horrid glare
Flames through the diſmal gloom, there, but that God
In mercy films thine arch-angelic eye,
Such myriads in that ever-burning lake
Of ſouls tormented thou wouldſt elſe diſcern,
As would appal thy nature; but theſe ſcenes
From thee, a ſpi'rit ſo loving to mankind,

So

So melting ſoft to pity, are with-held:
No mercy can I meditate for them.
Impenitent, no embaſſy of peace
Have I in charge, no reſpite, till the trump
Of general reſurrection calls them up
At the laſt day of judgment, then to hear
Their crimes rehears'd, their blaſphemies expos'd,
Their envyings, frauds, revilings, treach'ries, plots,
And ev'ry ſecret of their hearts unmaſk'd
By an all-righteous Judge, who ſhall pronounce
Their final condemnation and decree
Their preſent pains perpetual. We meanwhile
To other regions ſhall divert our courſe
From them and from their torments far apart,
Regions of night and ſilence, where the ſouls
Of righteous men in their oblivious caves
Sleep out the time till their Deliverer comes
To wake them from their trance, diſſolve the ſpell
Of their enchanter Death, and ſet them free
To range the fields of Paradiſe, where flows,
As from a fountain by God's preſence fed,

Beatitude

Beatitude ſurpaſſing human thought,
Pleaſures unſeen, unnumber'd, unconceiv'd.
This ſaid, from thoſe high battlements the Dove
Of Peace upon Redemption's errand ſent,
Borne on the wings of his cherubic choir,
Deſcended ſwift, and through the drowſy void
To Death's terrific palace ſteer'd his flight.
Here the Arch-foe of man, from earth expell'd
By man's Redeemer, newly had arriv'd,
But fear-ſtruck and in like diſaſtrous trim
With war-worn Siſera, when in his flight
From the victorious Naphthalite he came
To aſk protection at falſe Jael's tent,
And ruin found inſtead. The whirlwind's blaſt
Had ſhatter'd his proud form; now ſcorch'd by fires,
Now driv'n to regions of perpetual froſt
Beyond extremeſt Saturn's wint'ry ſphere,
No middle courſe kept he, nor had his feet
From their aërial journey once found reſt,
Till at the threſhold of Death's gloomy throne
Down on the ſolid adamant he fell

Precipitate

Precipitate at once, and lay entranc'd
Of arch-angelic majeſty the wreck.
Scar'd at the hideous craſh and all aghaſt
Death ſcream'd amain, then wrapt himſelf in clouds,
And in his dark pavilion trembling ſate
Mantled in night. And now the proſtrate fiend
Rear'd his terrific head with lightnings ſcorch'd
And furrow'd deep with ſcars of livid hue;
Then ſtood erect and roll'd his blood-ſhot eyes
To find the ghaſtly viſion of grim Death,
Who at the ſudden downfal of his ſire
Startled, and of his own deſtruction warn'd,
Had ſhrunk from ſight, and to a miſty cloud
Diſſolv'd hung lowring o'er his ſhrouded throne.
When SATAN, whoſe laſt hope was now at ſtake,
Impatient for the interview exclaim'd,
Where art thou, Death? Why hide thyſelf from him,
Of whom thou art? Come forth, thou griſly king;
And though to ſuitor of immortal mould
Thy refuge be denied, yet at my call,
Thy father's call, come forth and comfort me,

Thou

Thou gaunt anatomy, with one ſhort glimpſe
Of thoſe dry bones, in which alone is peace
And that oblivious ſleep, for which I ſigh.
He ſaid, and now a deep and hollow groan,
Like roar of diſtant thunders, ſhook the hall,
And from before the cloud-envelop'd throne
The adamantine pavement burſt in twain
With hideous craſh ſelf-open'd, and diſplay'd
A ſubterranean chaſm, whoſe yawning vault,
Deep as the pit of Acheron, forbade
All nearer acceſs to the ſhado'wy king.
Whereat the impriſon'd winds, that in it's womb
Were cavern'd, 'gan to heave their yeaſty waves
In bubbling exhalations, till at once
Their eddying vapors working upwards burſt
From the broad vent enfranchis'd, when, behold!
The cloud that late around the throne had pour'd
More than Egyptian darkneſs, now began
To lift it's fleecy ſkirts, till through the miſt
The' imperial Phantom gleam'd; monſter deform'd,
Enormous, terrible, from heel to ſcalp

One

One dire anatomy; his giant bones
Star'd through the ſhrivell'd ſkin, that looſely hung
On his ſepulchral carcaſe; round his brows
A cypreſs wreath tiara-like he wore
With nightſhade and cold hemlock intertwin'd;
Behind him hung his quiver'd ſtore of darts
Wing'd with the raven's plume; his fatal bow
Of deadly yew, tall as Goliah's ſpear,
Propp'd his unerring arm; about his throne,
If throne it might be call'd, which was compos'd
Of human bones, as in a charnel pil'd,
A hideous group of dire diſeaſes ſtood,
Sorrows and pains and agonizing plagues,
His ghaſtly ſatellites, and, ev'n than theſe
More terrible, ambition's ſlaught'ring ſons,
Heroes and conquerors ſtil'd on earth, but here
Doom'd to ignoble drudgery, employ'd
To do his errands in the loathſome vault,
And tend corruption's never-dying worm,
To haunt the catacombs and ranſack graves,
Where ſome late popu'lous city is laid waſte

By the deſtroying peſtilence, or ſtorm'd
By murdering Ruſs or Tartar blood-beſmear'd
And furious in the deſp'rate breach to plant
His eagle or his creſcent on the piles
Of mangled multitudes and flout the ſky
With his victorious banners. Now a troop
Of ſhrowded ghoſts upon a ſignal given
By their terrific Monarch ſtart to ſight,
Each with a torch funereal in his graſp,
That o'er the hall diffus'd a dying light,
Than darkneſs' ſelf more horrible: The walls
Of that vaſt cenotaph, hung round with ſpears,
Falchions and pole-axes and plumed helms,
Shew'd like the arm'ory of ſome warlike ſtate:
There every mortal weapon might be ſeen,
Each implement of old or new device,
Which ſavage nature or inventive art
Furniſh'd to arm the ruffian hand of war
And deal to man the life-deſtroying ſtroke:
And them betwixt at intervals were plac'd
The crowned ſkeletons of mighty kings,

Cæſars

Cæſars and Caliphs and barbarian Chiefs,
Monſters, whoſe ſwords had made creation ſhrink,
And frighted peace and ſcience from the earth.
Pondering the ſcene in mute amazement rapt
The loſt Arch-angel ſtood, when ſoon the voice
Of Death as from the tombs low-murmuring thus
Beſpoke attention—What uncivil cauſe,
Prince of the air, provokes thee to offend
Againſt the peaceful charter of theſe realms
By voice thus rude and clamo'rous? Know'ſt thou not
I reign by privilege, though ſon not ſlave
Of thee heav'n-exil'd? Here no place haſt thou,
For here is peace; no part in this domain
To thee and to thy rebel hoſt belongs:
They in the flames of Tartarus, but we
Dwell with the ſilent worm: The pow'r we have
O'er man's corruptible and mortal part
Ends with the body; here the bones may ſleep,
For theſe anatomies diſturb us not:
But for the ſpark unquenchable, the ſoul
Immortal, which ſurvives the fleeting breath,

Of

Of that we take no charge; that muſt abide
In other regions it's appointed lot
Of miſery or bliſs. What then hath Death
To do with SATAN? Can the ſon, who drew
Exiſtence from the father, quench that ſpi'rit,
Which God decreed eternal? Will thoſe fires
Ceaſe at my word? Hell will not hear my voice,
Nor can the howlings of th' infernal pit
Enter my ears. Aſk not repoſe of me,
Tormented fiend: There is no grave for ſin,
No ſleep for SATAN; fall'n from heav'n thou art,
There thou haſt no abode; fall'n now from earth,
Where is thy lodging? Where, but in thoſe flames?
Paſs on then in thy courſe, nor loiter here,
For hell expects thee: Wert thou here to ſtay,
Death in deſtroying thee himſelf deſtroys.
Whereto th' unwelcome viſitant replied—
Inhoſpitable Pow'r! and is it thus
Thou greet'ſt a father in his extreme need
Suppliant for leave to draw a moment's breath
In thy pale preſence, till this furious blaſt,

That

That follow'd me from earth, ſhall ſpend it's rage
And ceaſe to howl through the profound of hell?
If in thy heartleſs trunk no mem'ory dwells
Of what I was, Oh! teach me to forget
What now I am and make my ſenſes dull
To pain, as thine to gratitude are loſt:
But if thy mind be preſent to record
My fall from bliſs, will it not alſo ſerve
To put thee in remembrance how that fall
Beſtow'd on thee a ſtation and a name?
Had I not fall'n from heav'n man had not loſt
The joys of Paradiſe, immortal joys
Till I deſtroy'd them; who then but myſelf,
Exil'd from God, brought Death into the world,
Gave thee the ſepulchre for thy domain,
And every mortal body for thy prey?
Whoſe hand but SATAN's, thankleſs as thou art,
Plac'd that victorious wreath upon thy brow,
Arm'd thee for war and bade thee be a king?
And what doth SATAN now demand of Death?
What, but a moment's reſpite, the ſmall boon

Of hoſpitable ſhelter, where to lay
My aching head and reſt my weary wing?
This to the father can the ſon refuſe?
I aſk no more. If CHRIST, from whom I fly,
Purſues me to this pit, and into hell
Deſcending ſhall repaſs her gloomy gates
Guarded by Sin, that barrier loſt, farewell
To all thy greatneſs! Where ſhall be thy ſting,
O Death, and where thy victory, O Grave?
Then to have harbor'd SATAN ſhall not add
One feather to the balance of thy fate:
All muſt be loſt together; I to flames
Conſign'd, thou, Phantom, into air diſſolv'd.
No more of this vain arguing, Death replied;
My peace and my repoſe I can but deal
As God decrees, and as he wills withhold:
Thus wrangling to the lateſt hour of time
Nothing, O SATAN, could'ſt thou wring from me
But the ſame anſwer and the ſame deſpair:
I with mortality alone confer,
Thou art a deathleſs ſpirit: If my pow'r

Cannot

Cannot annihilate the ſoul of man,
How then of angel? Guilty thou haſt been,
Conſcious muſt ever be, and therefore curſt.
Of me complaining thou condemn'ſt thyſelf,
The righteous ever are at peace with Death;
Thou art not of their number. Spi'rit unbleſt,
Author of man's revolt and all things ill,
The hell which thou haſt peopled, is thine own.
Earth thou haſt made a ruin, men by thee
Perverted turn to monſters, Heav'n itſelf,
Diſturb'd by thy rebellion, for a while
Suffer'd convulſion, and her thrones beſieg'd
Echo'd the din of battle; the fair bloom
Of Paradiſe was blaſted by thy ſpells,
And man driv'n forth to till th' unthankful earth
And toil and ſweat for a precarious meal,
Degraded from his origin, at length
To me and to corruption was conſign'd.
Theſe were thy doings, this was my deſcent,
And my inheritance the loathſome worm,
The throne funereal and this yawning gulph

Impaſſable, which I am yet to thank
For that it holds thee at a diſtance from me:
This is thy bounty. Look upon theſe bones,
Survey this dread anatomy, and ſay
If ſon ſo faſhion'd owes his father thanks:
Proportion'd to thy goodneſs I accord
My gratitude by bidding thee avaunt;
Hence from my ſight, intruder! Thruſt from earth
As heretofore from heav'n, and tempeſt-torn
With bruiſed head and ſhatter'd flagging wing
Hither thou com'ſt a fugitive from Him,
Whom in the wilderneſs for forty-days
Tempting thou didſt annoy: Dull, doating ſpirit!
Blind to thine own deſtruction, not to ſee
God's pow'r in CHRIST, nor underſtand that He,
Who foil'd thy cunning, might defy thy ſtrength:
But neither ſtrength nor cunning ſhall prevail
To draw me forth upon a loſing ſide,
And ſet this empire on a deſp'rate caſt:
I lack preſumption to oppoſe that Power,
Which puts hell's monarch to inglorious flight.

What

What ſhelter can'ſt thou find behind a ſhade,
An airy phantom? Such thou ſay'ſt I am,
Such let me be! That phantom will not tempt
The furious blaſt of God's avenging breath,
Nor mov'd to pity by thy treacherous plaints
Tender oblivion's boon to ſoul accurſt:
Such favor when thou wouldſt extort from Death,
That phantom will be adamant to thee.
Now learn a truth: CHRIST in the fleſh is dead;
Yet long I cannot hold him in the grave;
His body interdicted to the worm
For ſome myſterious purpoſe is reſerv'd
From all corruption free, and ſure I am
He will not leave his enemy at large.
In this obſcure domain, where ſleep the ſouls
Of righteous men; fly then, whilſt yet the hour
Serves thee for flight—And hark! the angel trump
Sounds his approach. Now tremble, thou accurſt!
No more; encanopied beneath the wings
Of mighty Cherubim with ſounding trump
And joyful chaunt the LORD OF LIFE came on—

Lift up your heads, the heav'nly chorus ſung,
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates,
And CHRIST the King of Glory ſhall come in—
Bright as the ſun his preſence; darkneſs fled
Down to the center; SATAN on the earth
Fell motionleſs; Death trembled on his throne,
And call'd his ſhadowy guards, they with loud ſhrieks
Vaniſh'd in air, whilſt from the gulph profound
Blue lightnings flaſh'd and deep-mouth'd thunders roar'd;
When CHRIST with eye ſevere on SATAN turn'd
Bade the ſtorm ceaſe and thus addreſs'd the fiend.
Well art thou found, thou ſerpent, on the brink
Of thy laſt home, this horrible abyſs,
For thee and for thine impious crew prepar'd.
Man from his God by thy corruption turn'd
Is by my death receiv'd into the peace
Of his offended Maker, and if faith
Opens his way to heav'n in righteouſneſs
And true converſion, Death cannot retain
His ſoul in darkneſs, nor thy crafty wiles
Puzzle his path and damp his glowing zeal;

W. Brown inv.t. J. Heath sculp.

SATAN is hurl'd into the BOTTOMLESS PIT, and there bound by five strong Angel.

The strong vindictive Angel, to whose charge
The key of that infernal pit belongd,
Now seizd him in his grasp & from the ground,
Lifting his ponderous bulk, such vigor dwelt
In arm celestial, headlong down at once
Down hurl'd him to the bottom of the gulph.

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But thou preſumptuous, who haſt had the world
To range at will, and from God's altars pluck'd
Their conſecrated honors, falſely view'd
Thoſe ſpoils, by ſufferance yielded, as the prize
Of thine own proper victory. Behold!
Theſe are thy triumphs; in this pit receive
Thy folly's confutation and the doom
Of woe eternal on thy ſin denounc'd.
He ſaid, nor other anſwer SATAN gave
Than one deep groan rent from his lab'ring breaſt.
The ſtrong vindictive Angel, to whoſe charge
The key of that infernal pit belong'd,
Now ſeiz'd him in his graſp, and from the ground
Lifting his pond'rous bulk, ſuch vigor dwelt
In arm celeſtial, headlong down at once,
Down hurl'd him to the bottom of the gulph,
Then follow'd on the wing: His yelling cries
Death heard, whilſt terror ſhiver'd every bone:
Not ſo the choir cherubic; they with joy
Beheld Redemption's triumph in the fall
Of that Great Dragon, enemy of man,

That antient Serpent, now with bruiſed head
And ſting-bereft hurl'd down into the pit:
Whereat in heav'nly concert they begin
To raiſe their tuneful voices and ſing forth
Praiſe to the Lamb of God, and joyful ſtrain
Of gratulation to the Saints redeem'd—
Now is ſalvation come and ſtrength and power,
The kingdom of our God and of his CHRIST:
Now is that railing and malignant foe
Caſt down into the pit, which day and night
Accus'd our righteous brethren to their God:
Now are they made victorious by the blood
Of the Redeeming Lamb, and in the word
Of Truth, their fearleſs witneſs, through the world
Go forth againſt the anarchy of Sin
A hoſt of martyrs faithful unto death;
Therefore rejoice, ye heav'ns, and ye of earth
Inhabitants, awake to joy and hail
The day-ſpring of Salvation from on high.
SATAN meanwhile ten thouſand fathoms deep
At bottom of the pit, a mangled maſs

With

With ſhatter'd brain and broken limbs outſpread,
Lay groaning on the adamantine rock:
Him the ſtrong Angel with ethereal touch
Made whole in form, but not to ſtrength reſtor'd,
Rather to pain and the acuter ſenſe
Of ſhame and torment; hideous was the glare
Of his blood-ſtreaming eyes, and loud he yell'd
For very agony, whilſt on his limbs
The maſſy fetters, ſuch as hell alone
Could forge in hotteſt ſulphur, were infix'd
And rivetted in the perpetual ſtone:
Upon his back he lay extended, huge,
A hideous ruin; not a word vouchſaf'd
That vengeful Angel, but with quick diſpatch
Plied his commiſſion'd taſk, then ſtretch'd the wing
And upward flew; for now th' infernal cave
Through all it's vaſt circumference had giv'n
The dreadful warning, and began to cloſe
It's rocky ribs upon th' impriſon'd fiend:
Fierce and more fierce as it approach'd became
The flaming concave; thus compreſt, the vault

Red

Red as metallic furnace glow'd intenſe
With heat, that had the hideous den been leſs
Than adamant it had become a flood,
Or SATAN other than he was in ſin
And arch-angelic ſtrength pre-eminent,
He neither could have ſuffer'd nor deſerv'd:
Panting he roll'd in ſtreams of ſcalding ſweat,
Parch'd with intolerable thirſt, one drop
Of water then to cool his raging tongue
Had been a boon worth all his golden ſhrines:
Vain wiſh! for now the pit had clos'd it's mouth,
Nor other light remain'd than what the glare
Of thoſe reverberating fires beſtow'd:
Then all the dungeon round was thick beſet
With horrid faces, threat'ning as they glar'd
Their haggard eyes upon him; from hell's lake
Flocking they came, whole legions of the damn'd,
His worſhippers on earth, ſenſual, profane,
Abominable in their lives, monſters of vice,
Blood-ſtained murderers, apoſtate kings,
And crowned tyrants ſome, tormented now

For

For their paſt crimes and into furies turn'd,
Accuſing their betrayer: Curſes dire,
Hiſſings and tauntings now from every ſide
Aſſail'd his ear, on him, on him alone,
From Cain firſt murderer to ISCARIOT all,
All with loud voices charg'd on him their ſins,
Their agonies, with imprecations urg'd
For treble vengeance on his head accurſt,
Founder of hell, ſole author of their woe,
And enemy avow'd of all mankind.
Now when the King of Terrors had perceiv'd
The pow'r of his new Viſitant, and ſaw
SATAN engulph'd, and the devouring pit,
Beſt barrier of his throne, for ever clos'd,
Deſcending from his ſtate with heart abaſh'd,
Conſcious that pride would ill befriend him now
In preſence of his Conqueror, at the feet
Of CHRIST with low obeiſance he put off
The trophies of his brow, and on the knee,
Stooping his vaſſal head, low homage paid,
And ſuppliant thus his humble ſuit preferr'd.

Immortal

Immortal King! all glorious and all good,
At whoſe great name befits that every knee
In heav'n or earth or in theſe realms beneath
Should bend adoring, let thy will prevail
Here, as wherever elſe! And ſure I am
'Tis not my pow'r but thine own wond'rous love,
Conſenting to the deed, hath brought thee here
In pity to mankind to taſte the cup
Of agony and viſit theſe ſad ſhades,
Though deathleſs; thence to re-aſcend, as ſoon
Thou ſhalt, victorious to the realms of light.
I know thee for the CHRIST the Son of God,
Meſſias of the prophets long foreſeen,
Yet of the unbelieving Jews deſpis'd,
Rejected, for thou cam'ſt not in the pomp
Of tempo'ral majeſty, and only great
In patience, in humility, in love
And miracles of mercy. At thy feet
This head uncrown'd thus ſtooping, I reſign
All empire; not on me let fall thy wrath
As on that bruiſed Serpent. What am I?

What is the ſword, what is the peſtilence,
And all my hoſt of mortal miniſters,
But ſervants of thy providence, a ſcourge
And rod of vengeance, wherewith to chaſtiſe
Preſumptuous, guilty pride? Whoſe hand but mine
Strikes terror to the atheiſt's harden'd heart?
Who plucks the tyrant from his bloody car
And rolls him in the duſt? or at a blow
Strangles the curſe in the blaſphemer's throat?
If on the martyr's head my axe deſcends,
The ſame hand plants a crown of glory there;
And if in my dark caves the righteous ſleep,
Peaceful they ſleep; I break not their repoſe,
For ſilence dwells with me and night and reſt.
Behold the key inviolate that guards
Their hallow'd ſlumbers; never did I yield,
Though oft ſolicited, this ſacred pledge
To SATAN or his ſin-defiled crew;
Faithful I've kept it ever, faithful now
To thee their Savior I reſign my charge.
This ſaid, the golden badge of his command,

Rich

Rich and of heav'nly workmanſhip with gems
Of azure, green and purple thick emboſs'd,
Humbly he laid at the REDEEMER's feet:
He to the zeal of GABRIEL ſtrait conſign'd
Th' enlargement of thoſe ſpi'rits to bliſs preferr'd,
Fit miniſter for office ſo benign:
Whereat he bade ſound forth the ſignal trump
Of the Firſt Reſurrection, heard of none
Save of thoſe holy Saints elect of God,
Martyrs and prophets, call'd to live with CHRIST
In antecedent glory till the day
Of general Reſurrection ſhall awaken
And ſummon into judgment all mankind.
Swift hied that friendly Angel on the wing,
Swifter, for that, on gracious errand ſent,
Joy urg'd him to put forth his utmoſt ſpeed;
Meanwhile the heav'nly Viſitant of Death
Upon that ghaſtly Viſion turn'd his eyes,
And thus in accent mild addreſs'd the Shade.
That I came down from heav'n and am the CHRIST,
Rightly, O Death, thou haſt pronounc'd; yet here

I come

I come not to deſtroy thy power at once,
But to ſet free the Saints thou hold'ſt in thrall,
And call them to my peace; but ev'n of theſe
Part till my ſecond coming muſt abide:
Of thee and all things of corruption bred
The term is fix'd; God muſt be all in all:
But time, as man computes, hath yet to roll
Through numerous ages ere the final trump
Shall ſound thy knell. I brought not upon earth
Peace, but the ſword; the goſpel I have preach'd
Man will corrupt, miſconſtrue and pervert;
Nor ſhall my Church be only drench'd with blood
Of it's own martyrs, zealots ſhall ariſe
Aliens to my humility and peace,
With more than pagan enmity enflam'd
Each againſt other; then ſhall ruthleſs war
And perſecution and fierce civil rage
Ravage the Chriſtian world; intole'rant pride,
Uſurping pow'r infallible, ſhall ſend
It's heralds forth with curſing in their mouths
And fetters for man's conſcience in their hands;

They

They in the battle's front ſhall plant the Croſs
And bid the unconverted nations kneel
Under their conqu'ring ſtandard and adopt
The creed of murderers, who, in the place
Of the pure bond of charity, preſent
A forged ſcroll blurr'd and defac'd with lies,
And impiouſly inſcribe it with my Name.
Theſe are religion's traitors, and from them
An ample harveſt ſhalt thou reap, O Death;
Suffice it thee to know that for a while
Thou ſhalt be ſpar'd: And now no more; Behold!
GABRIEL leads on the congregated Saints.
Vaniſh, pale Phantom! Give the ranſom'd place.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Chriſt, having cloſed his interview with Death, prepares to receive the Saints of the Firſt Reſurrection now approaching under the conduct of the angel Gabriel, and having aſcended a mount in the midſt of the congregation appears to them in glory: They pay homage to their Redeemer in a hymn of praiſe and thankſgiving: He addreſſes them in reply, and aſſures them of the bleſſings of immortal life beſtowed upon them by the Father as the reward of righteouſneſs: The patriarch Abraham enters into conference with Chriſt, in the concluſion of which the Savior of the world ſhews him the glorious viſion of the heavenly Jeruſalem, the holy city, as deſcribed in the Apocalypſe: When this beatific viſion is paſſed away, Chriſt reaſcends to earth in view of the whole aſſembly of Saints: The angel Gabriel, who is left behind, addreſſes them from the mount and expounds the purpoſes of the Savior's reſurrection from the dead and return to earth: Moſes recapitulates the events of his life, inſtances the frequent rebellions of the Lord's unfaithful people, and laments their future impenitence and incredulity: Gabriel replies, and from the nature of man's free will explains the origin and neceſſity of evil, from which he deduces the benefits of Chriſt's death and redemption: And now the Spirit of God deſcending on the hearts of the righteous, inſpires them with all underſtanding and knowledge, fitted to their happy condition: A Paradiſe ariſes within the regions of Death; Gabriel addreſſes them for the laſt time, and upon his departure the Poem concludes.

CALVARY.

BOOK VIII.

THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

Now had the Savior by the word of power
Wafted the magic Phantom into air,
And all the horrors of the ſcene diſpell'd:
Swift as the ſtroke of his own winged dart,
Or flitting ſhadows by the moon-beam chas'd,
Death on the inſtant vaniſh'd: What had ſeem'd
A citadel of proud and martial port
With baſtions fenc'd and tow'rs impregnable
Of adamant compos'd and lofty dome,
Covering the throne imperial, now was air;
And, far as eye could reach, a level plain,
In the intermin'able horizon loſt,
Unfolded it's vaſt champain to the view.
Darkneſs twin-born with Death had fled; the rays,
That from the Savior's ſun-crown'd temples beam'd

With dazzling luſtre brighten'd all the ſcene.
There juſt emerging to the diſtant view,
And glitt'ring white, a multitude appear'd,
Stretch'd eaſt and weſt in orderly array,
Swift marching underneath the mighty wings
Of the protecting Angel, who in air
Soar'd imminent, and with the broad expanſe
From flank to flank envelop'd all the hoſt:
He with the blaſt of the awak'ning trump
Gave note of their advance. In the mid-plain
There was a mount; thither the Savior hied
With his cherubic guard, and there in view
Of the aſſembled myriads ſtood ſublime.
The Saints in order form'd themſelves around,
Orb within orb, each in his proper ſphere
Inſtinctively arrang'd; then all at once,
As by one ſoul inſpir'd, with bended knee
And forehead proſtrate on the earth they paid
Joint homage and ador'd. Oh! who ſhall dare
With bold conjecture to compute the liſt
Of that bleſt multitude, or ſay, who firſt,

Who

Who laſt, receiv'd the glorious All-hail,
Ye bleſſed of my Father? Yet perchance,
So warranted by ſcripture and ſo taught
By moral ſage experience, we may doubt
If many rich, if many great or learn'd
Were of that righteous company; be ſure
The lover of this world had there no place,
He barter'd it for gold, he paſs'd it off
To Belial for a periſhable toy,
He ſold it to a wanton: There the proud
Were brought down, and the meek and lowly rais'd:
The conque'ror not of others but himſelf
There found pre-eminence: All joy to him,
Who rear'd the orphan, dried the widow's tears,
And ſought affliction in her ſecret haunts,
Not for the praiſe of men; and may not we,
Born in an age when mild philanthropy
Hath taught a better leſſon to the heart,
May not we foſter a kind hope that ſome
Of pagan name were call'd, who through the maze
Of dark idolatry took Reaſon's clue,

And found a mental avenue to God?
Here with the Father of the Faithful ſtood
A hoſt of patriarchs, prophets, judges, ſaints:
Noah, who perfect in the time of wrath
And righteous found, was left unto the earth
A remnant, when the waters fell from heav'n,
And was in covenant with the Moſt High
That man no more ſhould periſh by the flood:
Moſes, the faithful ſervant of the Lord,
Meekeſt, though mightieſt, of the ſons of men,
And glorious in the ſight of dreadful kings:
Joſhua, th' avenger of th' Elect of God,
Whoſe voice upon mount Gibeon ſtaid the ſun
In the mid-heav'n, and bade the moon ſtand ſtill
In Ajalon's dark vale, till Iſrael ceas'd
From ſlaughter and the conqu'ring ſword was ſheath'd:
Here Samuel in his linen ephod girt,
Thrice call'd of God, amid the foremoſt ſtood:
He, who with Baäl's prieſts contending rear'd
His rival altars and brought fire from heav'n
To vindicate his God: The Pſalmiſt King,

And

And he, at whoſe ſick pray'r the ſun went back,
And he, ſurnam'd the Good: Daniel the ſeer,
And they, who in the furnace walk'd unhurt;
All in the ſacred page recorded juſt
And faithful ſervants of the living God:
For who can doubt the holy word of truth
Atteſting their ſalvation? Yet there is
One, who, by promiſe ſacredly aſſur'd
Of bliſs immediate, heard the glorious call,
Whilſt hanging on the croſs, by penitence
And faith obtain'd from the all-gracious lips
Of God's own Son expiring at his ſide.
  Hail, holy congregation, elder-born
Of righteouſneſs and firſt-fruits of the grave,
Elect unto ſalvation! Hail, bleſt Saints,
Now cloathed in white robes, as in your lives
With purity, ſound forth your praiſe to God
And to the Lamb, in whoſe blood ye are waſh'd;
Wave high your branches of victorious palm,
Hymning the ſtrain, which He in Patmos heard,
What time the glorious viſion was reveal'd.

Hail, Firſt and Laſt! th' immortal chorus ſung,
Of all things the beginning and the end;
For thou art he, who liveth and waſt dead,
And lo! thou art alive for evermore,
And hold'ſt in hand of hell and death the keys.
Salvation to our God and to the Lamb
At his right hand, who ſitteth on the throne;
Bleſſing and glory, wiſdom, honor, power,
Might and thankſgiving evermore to God
And to his CHRIST! Father, we give thee thanks,
Lord God, which waſt and art and art to come,
For this thy mighty pow'r in us fulfill'd.
Now are the kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our Lord and of his CHRIST,
And he ſhall reign for ever; now thy wrath
On the rebellious nations is let looſe;
Now is the firſt call of the ſleeping ſaints,
And all thy ſervants faithful unto death
Thou haſt rewarded with eternal bliſs.
Henceforth for ever bleſſed are the dead,
Thus dying in the Lord, for they ſhall reſt

From

From labor, and their good works are not loſt!
Their hymn perform'd, the whole redeemed hoſt,
With hands uplifted and all eyes direct
Upon the glorious Preſence, bent the knee
Silent, whilſt thus the LORD OF MERCY ſpake.
Ye bleſſed of my Father, prophets, ſaints
And martyrs; ye of Abraham's faithful ſtock,
And ye, though wild by nature, grafted in
Upon the parent tree and bearing fruits
To life eternal, welcome to my peace!
Now are your watchings and your labors paſt,
Your tribulations, ſelf-denials, pains
And mournings recompens'd; never again
Shall ye know thirſt or hunger, nor the ſun
Scorch you by day, nor yet by night the moon;
For ye ſhall dwell before the throne of God,
And I will feed you; I will lead you forth
To living founts and wipe away all tears.
Come, enter ye into your Maſter's joy,
Come, for the throne awaits you, take the crown
Of glory, take the kingdom from all time

For

For you prepar'd, poſſeſs your happy rights,
The earnings of your charity and love:
For I was hungred and ye gave me meat,
Thirſty I was and ye aſſwag'd my thirſt,
I was a ſtranger and ye took me in,
Naked ye cloath'd me, ſick ye viſited,
I was in priſon and ye came unto me.
When Lord, the righteous humbly interpos'd,
When were theſe charities by us perform'd?
How have we merited this praiſe of thee,
Whom in the fleſh we knew not? Tell us, Lord,
When ſaw we thee an-hungred and gave food?
When thirſty and gave drink? a ſtranger when
And took thee in, naked and cloathed thee;
When ſaw we thee in ſickneſs or in priſon
And came unto thee? When didſt thou endure
Theſe hard neceſſities, or we relieve?
Whereto the LORD replied: Truly ye ſay
Me in the fleſh ye knew not, yet in ſpi'rit
Ye knew me, for my law was in your hearts;
And what to theſe my brethren ye have done,

Or

Or to the leaſt of theſe, ye did to me,
Patron of mercy and the friend of man.
To every one, but not to all alike,
Some talent is in truſt, the loan of Heav'n,
To huſband as he may, and he who ſpares
From his imparted fund wherewith to help
His neighbor's ſcantier dole, improves the loan
And makes his Lord his debtor. Firſt and laſt,
Ere Abraham was I am. Open your ears!
Hear, mark and underſtand: The world by ſin
Original had fallen off from God;
Man was become corrupt, idolatrous,
Abominable; SATAN reign'd on earth.
Ye are of various ages; all have ſlept,
And ſome from earlieſt times or e'er the flood
Swallow'd the nations, yet with one accord
All in your ſeveral periods have bewail'd
Degenerated man: Noah can tell
How all the earth with violence was fill'd,
Or e'er the fountains of the vaſty deep
Were broken up: Moſes can well declare

How

How hard and to rebellion prone the hearts
Of thoſe, whom he led forth: Samuel beheld
A ſtiff-neck'd generation ſpurn the yoke
And kick againſt their God; but vain his voice,
Vain all the prophets voices, which foretold
My coming, without whom the world were loſt.
Now is ſalvation come; I've drank the cup
Of bitterneſs and died the death for man:
My peace I've left on earth; the living world,
They have the word of truth and by that word
Through faith they ſhall be ſav'd; from them I came
To viſit theſe dark regions and redeem
The ſaints who ſlept; behold! ye are alive:
Death hath no more dominion! SATAN, chain'd
For ages, ſhall abide his time to come:
Meanwhile in glory ye ſhall dwell with me;
By reſurrection purchas'd with my blood
Ye are the firſt-fruits of immortal life.
Now ABRAHAM, father of the faithful band
And firſt in ſtation neareſt to the mount,
His eyes uplifted to the face divine

Of

Of the effulgent Virtue, and thus ſpake.
  Yet once more, as aforetime in the days
Of Sodom, ſuffer me to plead for man,
And aſk of thee his Savior if theſe few,
Few not in numbers, yet for heav'n too few
And for heav'n's mercy, ſeeing there are paſt
So many many ages of the world,
Are all that ſhall be ſav'd: Alas, for man!
If this be the whole remnant, all the ſtock
Cull'd from ſo many myriads for God's fold.
Where are the nations vaniſh'd? Where the hoſts,
That ſea, earth, flood and fire have ſwallow'd up?
Can hell contain them? Can devouring Death
Find ſtomach for them all? Did God make man
For death and hell, or thou endure the croſs
Only for us? Are all the righteous ſhrunk
To this ſmall meaſure? And, if theſe be all,
Are they not yet enough to ſave the reſt,
If heav'nly mercy liſten to our prayer?
May not our righteouſneſs ſo ſave a world
From wrath, as once the righteouſneſs of five

Had ſav'd a guilty city from it's fate?
To him the LORD OF MERCY: I have ſaid
Ye are the firſt fruits by my blood obtain'd,
The earneſt of redemption: I have bruis'd,
Not cruſh'd, the Serpent's head; he ſhall ariſe
Out of the pit once more to vex the earth.
Death the laſt enemy is not deſtroy'd,
Yet is his ſceptre ſhorten'd, and the key,
That opens into life, now in thoſe hands,
Where mercy beſt can place it for man's good:
Thus of all pow'r though Death is not bereft,
Yet I have ſhook his throne, with inroad deep
Pierc'd his dark realm, and, you redeeming thence,
Made tenantleſs your graves, his ſtrongeſt holds.
With you when from this depth I reaſcend,
And through heav'n's golden portal lead my hoſt
Of Saints high-waving theſe victorious palms,
Your white robes glitt'ring in God's ſtarry courts,
Great ſure will be the triumph, loud th' acclaim,
When all my Father's Angels ſhall ſound forth
Their joyful hallelujahs round his throne.

Enough

Enough for victory hath been atchiev'd,
Deſtruction is reſerv'd to that great day,
When the compelling Angel ſhall go forth
To gather every atom of man's duſt,
Which the ſeas cover or the earth contains:
Then ſhall all ſouls be judg'd; if Abraham then,
When of all hearts the ſecrets ſhall be known,
Then if the Friend of God hath aught to urge
In mitigation of man's guilt, be ſure,
Ere juſtice ſtrike, mercy will hear the plea.
Of this no more: The ſeaſons and the times
Are with the Father; the dread hour draws on:
But I muſt firſt reviſit thoſe on earth,
Whom I have left in ſorrow; for their ſakes
I muſt again ſubmit me to the fleſh,
And by the evidence of ſenſe confirm
My promis'd reſurrection; this perform'd
And immortality reveal'd to man,
By faith made ſure, my goſpel ſhall go forth:
My office then the Comforter will take;
The weak he ſhall make ſtrong, the fooliſh wiſe,

And by the mouths of ſucklings and of babes
He ſhall confound the wiſdom of the world,
And o'er the gates of hell erect my Church.
When thus the Patriarch, glowing ſtill with zeal
For man's ſalvation, further queſtion urg'd.
Lord, will not then the faithleſs world believe,
When thou return'ſt with glory? From the dead
When they behold thee viſible on earth
And thence to heav'n aſcending, can they doubt?
Such revelation can their eyes reſiſt,
Their ears ſuch truth recorded? Shall there then
Be left a Gentile idol upon earth
To rival Iſrael's God? Shall there not be
One Shepherd and one fold for all mankind,
One faith, one baptiſm, one LORD and CHRIST?
But I perhaps too bold offend thine ear
With my rude converſe; Lord, if ſo, command
My tongue to ſilence; yet not in thy wrath,
Not in thy wrath, O Lord, reprove my zeal.
Whereto the Savior mildly thus replied.
O Abraham, in whoſe ſoul compaſſion glows

And love, that burns with zeal for all thy ſons,
Nor for thy ſons alone, but the whole world,
Whoſe advocate thou art, think not the tongue,
That ſpeaks for mercy, can offend my ear:
Yet what thy zeal anticipates in time
Is diſtant far; ages muſt roll betwixt
Thy hope and its completion; threat'ning clouds
Lour on the glorious proſpect; ſeas of blood
Muſt firſt be paſs'd; long pilgrimage and ſad
My martyrs have to make through vallies dark,
Where ign'rance ſhades the ſun, through frightful haunts,
Where ſuperſtition pictures out the ſcene
In monſtrous forms, and worſhips what it dreads:
Painful their march and round beſet with ſnares;
Here treach'ry lurks, there perſecution flames,
Before them infidelity, behind
Reproach and ſlander and the roar of tongues
Contentious, urging them to turn from God
And waſte their nobler zeal in vain diſpute.
Thus ſtep by ſtep in righteouſneſs and faith
Arm'd at all points my ſervants militant

Shall win their way, and what they earn enjoy.
Lowly and meek I came into the world,
And meek and lowly I ſhall now return,
Not with that glory riſing from the grave,
Which for my ſecond coming is reſerv'd,
But in that mortal body, which they pierc'd,
Shewing my wounds, not with the proud diſplay
Of one, who courts the voice of public fame,
But communing apart with thoſe I left
To be my witneſſes, that ſo through them
Men may be taught by reaſon to diſcern
Not what they muſt, but what they ſhould, believe;
Not by the evidence of ſenſe to feel,
But by the mind's conviction to perceive
Truth in it's argument, not act, and build
On reaſon, not neceſſity, their faith,
And on their faith and their good works their hope.
God will not always ſtruggle with mankind,
Heap proof on proof till incredulity
Though blind muſt ſee, though deaf of force muſt hear:
He will not bring his heav'n upon the earth,

Rather

Rather will lead man's heart from earthly things
To reach at heavenly; the railing Jews,
Who fix'd me to the croſs, bade me come down
And with the ſign of pow'r diſpel their doubts:
So had I fruſtrated all faith at once,
And with all faith all virtue: I was dumb,
I open'd not my mouth to their reproach,
I ſtirr'd not from the croſs, I died the death,
Nor to my reſcue brought one Angel down,
Though legions waited to obey my call:
And now none other ſign will I vouchſafe
But of the prophet Jonas, for as he
From out the belly of the whale emerg'd
On the third day, ſo I from out the tomb
In the ſame body will come forth on earth
With the third morning's dawn; thus ſhall the word
Of prophecy by my diſciples heard,
Not underſtood, be perfected in me,
And I will breath my ſpi'rit into their hearts
To comprehend all ſcriptures, and to preach
Me crucified; nor ſhall there be a dearth

Of witneſſes to publiſh and atteſt
My reſurrection; hundreds ſhall behold
My ſubſtance in the fleſh, and he that doubts
Shall touch me and believe. More to expound
There needs not; this in all your ears aloud
I now promulgate, that when I am gone
Ye may abide the interim in peace,
By terror or impatience undiſturb'd:
And now not many are the days to paſs,
Ere to the heav'n of heav'ns I ſhall aſcend,
And there in bleſt communion with my Saints,
Made perfect after death, for ever dwell
At the right hand of Pow'r; meanwhile the ſeed,
Which I have ſown, though of all grains the leaſt,
Yet water'd by the Comforter ſhall grow
Of herbs the greateſt, and become a tree,
Within whoſe branches all the birds of air
Shall come and lodge, ſo ſhall my kingdom riſe
From mean beginning into mighty growth,
A ſtill ſmall current, ſpreading as it goes;
For in the arm of man I place no ſtrength,

Nor

Nor in the battle's thunder can be heard
His voice that preacheth peace; to ſtorm the ear,
Like thoſe loud heathen orators, who ſhake
The forum with their eloquence, ill ſuits
The ſervants of a Maſter little vers'd
In this world's wiſdom and not vain of ſpeech:
In love, in calm perſuaſion and in peace
My goſpel I have planted: Woe to them,
Who in the place of theſe ſweet fruits provoke
The baneful growth of perſecution, ſtrife
And diſcord in my Church, op'ning my wounds
Unheal'd and crucifying me afreſh.
To him the Patriarch: Lord, we give thee thanks
For that thou haſt imparted to thy ſaints
Theſe tidings of great joy, though diſtant far
And through ſuch clouds of ſorrow dimly ſeen;
And ſure we are thy goſpel ſhall prevail,
Yet much do we lament for what thy ſaints
And martyrs have to ſuffer upon earth,
Foil'd by that firſt Deceiver of mankind,
Who, though now bruis'd and for awhile enchain'd,

Shall yet come forth to vex thy holy Church,
To conjure up falſe prophets and pervert
Thy follo'wers, who are taught to live in peace
And charity with all men: But we know
God did not build this goodly frame of things
For SATAN to deſtroy, and he and Death
Shall have an end: Heav'n is man's natural home
And righteouſneſs the impulſe of his heart;
Nor will God fail his promiſe, that in me
And in my ſeed the whole world ſhall be bleſt:
Ah! when ſhall I behold that promis'd day?
When ſhall I ſee the warring world at peace?
When ſhall my Iſrael, ſcatter'd o'er the earth
And ſtraggling wide, hear their good Shepherd's call
And come into his fold? Sure that bleſt voice,
That glorious viſion would be heav'n itſelf.
That viſion thou ſhalt ſee, the LORD replied
And ſmil'd all-gracious on th' enraptur'd Saint,
From this proſpective mount with purged eye,
That through the length'ning tract of time diſcern
Futurity remote, thou ſhalt behold

Th'

Th' Apocalypſe, which to no living eye,
Save of my ſervant John, I ſhall diſcloſe:
But know ere this bleſt period ſhall arrive
The elements muſt melt with fervent heat,
And earth and ſea and heav'n muſt paſs away,
Darkneſs and ſin and death ſhall be no more,
And a new world ſhine forth. Aſcend the mount,
And eaſtward turning tell me what thou ſee'ſt.
I ſee, the Patriarch cried, an heaven and earth,
Earth without ſea and heav'n without a cloud,
All bright and gliſt'ning from the Maker's hands:
I ſee deſcending from the throne of God
Jeruſalem the Holy City, new,
Deck'd like a bride for her celeſtial ſpouſe:
Order and grace and ſymmetry conſpire
In all her parts, and with the rich diſplay
Of vivid gems make glorious her attire:
To the four points of heav'n in equal ſpan
She ſtretches out her many-colour'd walls,
Celeſtial maſonry, whoſe meaneſt ſtone,
More rare and precious than the brighteſt gem

Of earthly diadems, tranſparent flames,
From the foundations to the topmoſt cope
Of mural battlement one dazzling blaze
Of glorious jewelry, and them amidſt
On every flank quadrangular three gates,
Each of an orient pearl, to our twelve tribes
By number and by name appropriate,
Stand open, guarded by Cherubic watch;
Through whoſe unfolded portals I deſcry
A city all of pureſt gold and clear
As the unclouded cryſtal, on whoſe towers
God's all-ſufficient glory ſheds a flood
Of radiance brighter than the borrow'd beam
Of ſhadowy moon or ſun oft wrapt in clouds,
Making alternate night and day on earth:
But night is here unknown; day needeth not
To reſt in darkneſs, nor the eye in ſleep;
Nor temple here for worſhip may be found,
The ever-preſent Deity demands
No houſe of pray'r; in ev'ry heart is built
His altar, every voice records his praiſe,

And

And every ſaint his miniſter and prieſt.
Through the mid-ſtreet a cryſtal river flows
Pellucid, welling from the throne of God,
It's living ſource, upon whoſe border ſprings
The tree of life, bearing ambroſial fruits
Monthly renew'd and varied through the year,
Food for immortals, in whoſe balmy gum
And leaves medicinal a virtue dwells
So general and potential, that no pain
Or ailment but here finds it's ready cure:
No tear ſhall wet this conſecrated ſoil,
Nor feud nor clamor nor unholy curſe
Diſturb theſe peaceful echoes, here the ſaints
In ſweet harmonious brotherhood ſhall dwell
Serene and perfect in the ſight of God.
And hark! I hear ſeraphic voices chaunt
To their melodious harps the bridal hymn—
Now is our God eſpouſed to his Church,
And from their heav'nly union are gone forth
Bleſſing and peace and joy to all mankind:
Now ſhall his ſaints eternal Sabbath keep

From death and pain and wailing and complaint:
All is made new, the old is paſs'd away,
Time draws aſide the faded ſcene of things
And Nature in immortal freſhneſs blooms:
Now to the waters of the fount of life,
Perpetual waters, every ſoul may come,
And he that is athirſt may freely drink:
But fire and brimſtone in the burning lake
Shall be their portion, who revolt from God;
There with the Beaſt in torments they ſhall dwell,
Seal'd in their foreheads with his mark and drink
The cup of indignation to the dregs
Wrung out in anger, whilſt their ceaſeleſs cry
Shall with the ſmoke of the infernal pit
Day after day for evermore aſcend.
No more; for now the heav'nly viſion clos'd;
Awaken'd from his trance the Patriarch turn'd
With grateful reverence to addreſs the LORD
And giver of theſe new-diſcover'd joys,
When lo! aſcending from the mount he ſaw
CHRIST in a cloud of glory on the wings

Of

W. Brown inv.t J. Neagle sculp.

CHRIST re-ascends to EARTH.

When lo 'ascending from the mount, he saw
Christ in a cloud of glory on the wings
Of mighty Cherubim upborne in air,
High soaring, to this orb terraqueous bound.

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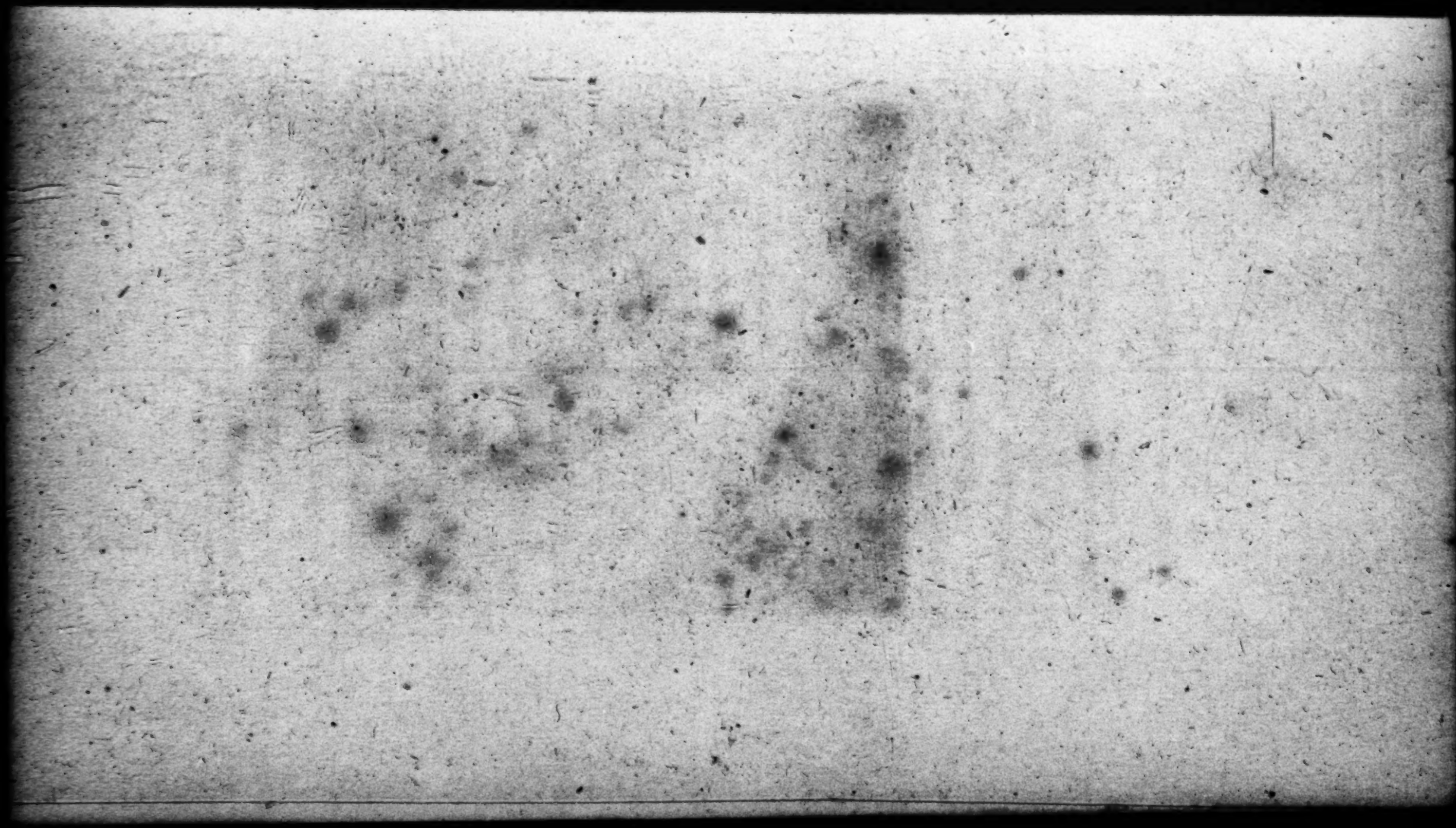

Of mighty Cherubim upborne in air
High-ſoaring, to this orb terraqueous bound,
Seen over-head diminiſh'd to a point
Dim and opake amid the blue ſerene:
His raiment, whiter than the new-born light
Struck out of chaos by the Maker's hand
In earneſt of creation, ſparkling blaz'd
In it's ſwift motion and with fiery track
Mark'd his aſcent to earth; the hoſt of Saints
With joyful loud hoſannas fill'd the air:
Glory to God on high, was all their ſtrain,
On the earth peace, good-will to all mankind!
Meanwhile th' Arch-angel GABRIEL, who yet kept
His tutelary ſtation on the mount,
So bidd'n of CHRIST, with arm outſtretch'd and voice
Commanding ſilence, thus the Saints beſpake.
Now is your reſurrection ſure, your joy,
Your glory and your triumph over Death
And hell made perfect; for behold where CHRIST
Your firſt-fruit is aris'n, and waves on high
The enſign of redemption; now he ſoars

Up

Up to yon pendent world, that darkling ſpeck,
Which in the boundleſs empyrean floats
Pois'd on it's whirling axle; there he liv'd
And took your mortal body, there he died
And for your ſakes endur'd the painful croſs,
Giving his blood a ranſom for your ſins;
Thither he goes to re-aſſume his fleſh;
There, when his angel miniſters have op'd
The ſealed ſepulchre, he ſhall come forth
And ſhew himſelf reſurgent from the grave
To thoſe whom he hath ſanctified and call'd
To be his witneſſes in all the world,
And of his reſurrection after death
Their faithful evidence to ſeal with blood
Of martyrs and apoſtles, warning men
With their laſt breath to be baptiz'd and live;
So ſhall the ſeed be water'd and increaſe,
Till all the Gentile nations ſhall come in
And dwell beneath it's branches evermore.
Now are the gates of everlaſting life
Set open to mankind, and when the LORD,

Captain

Captain of their ſalvation, ſhall have liv'd
His promis'd term on earth, and thence to heav'n
Aſcending ſeat himſelf at God's right hand,
Then ſhall the Holy Ghoſt the Comforter
Ruth like a mighty wind upon the hearts
Of his inſpir'd apoſtles; tongues of fire
And languages untaught they ſhall receive
To ſpeak with boldneſs the revealed Word,
Enduring all things for the goſpel's ſake;
Troubled on ev'ry ſide yet not diſtreſs'd,
Perplex'd but not ſurrender'd to deſpair,
Afflicted not forſaken they ſhall be,
Caſt down but not deſtroy'd, knowing that God,
Who raiſed the LORD JESUS from the dead,
Them alſo into life through him will raiſe,
And that the light affliction of this world,
Which is but for a moment, ſoon ſhall be
O'erpaid by a far more exceeding weight
Of glory' eternal in the life to come.
He ceas'd, and all were ſilent, wrapt in awe
Of the late glorious viſion, yet in heart

Troubled

Troubled for what the Angel had reveal'd
Of ſorrows ſtill to come and pains and deaths
To be encounter'd by the Saints on earth;
When now that Shepherd, who on Sinai's mount
Commun'd with God and heard creation's plan
Expounded by it's Architect, thus ſpake.
Oh thou, whom through the fiery cloud I ſaw
On Horeb's hill, when tending Jethro's flock,
What time I heard my name twice call'd of God
In thunder from amidſt the flaming buſh,
Bidding me ſtrait go forth to looſe his ſheep
From Egypt's captive fold, I do perceive
That I have penn'd the Word of God aright,
And now in CHRIST behold the woman's ſeed
Bruiſing that Serpent's head, who wrought the fall
Of our firſt parents. Forty days and nights
On Sinai's top 'midſt thund'rings, clouds and fire
Faſting I ſtood, and whilſt the hallow'd ground
Trembled beneath my bare unſandal'd feet,
I heard an awful voice, that bade me write
The glorious record of his ſix days work.

Aghaſt,

Aghaſt, confounded, dazzled with the blaze
Of glory, ſtill my faithful pen obey'd
The ſacred dictates of an unſeen God:
I wrote, and to an unbelieving world
Publiſh'd the wond'rous Code; age after age
Libell'd the tranſcript: With the rod of pow'r
I ſmote the ſeas aſunder; Iſrael paſs'd
Through wat'ry battlements; forty long years
In the waſte howling wilderneſs I fed
Their murmuring tribes with food miraculous;
They fed but murmur'd ſtill: I brought them laws
With God's own finger graven; I came down
Bearing Jehovah's ſtatutes in my hand
On both ſides written: impious noiſy ſhouts,
Lewd triumphs and vile revels ſmote mine ear;
The people danc'd around a molten calf,
Monſtrous idolatry! Raging with ſhame
I daſh'd the ſtony tablets on the ground,
And ſhiver'd them to fragments; God was mock'd:
A ſtiff-neck'd and a ſtubborn race they were,
Who from the rock of their ſalvation turn'd

And ſacrific'd to devils; and behold!
Their ſons have crucified the LORD OF LIFE:
Therefore his reſurrection, which ſhall be
Light and redemption to the Gentile world,
To them is darkneſs and the ſhadow' of death;
For they have ſlain the very Paſchal Lamb;
That bloody ſymbol of their antient law,
Which I made ſacred, they have now made void,
And cancell'd my legation: I perceive
A new commandment is gone forth; I ſee
The temple's vail is rent; for the old law,
A carnal ſhadow of things ſpiritual,
Suffic'd not for perfection and the pow'r
Of an eternal life: CHRIST is become
That King of Salem, that immortal Prieſt
Of God moſt high, whoſe miniſtry ſupreme,
Before all time from heav'n itſelf deriv'd
And not from right Levitical, removes
All title from that conſecrated tribe,
Where I had fix'd it. God, who ſending me,
Sent but his ſervant, now hath giv'n his Son

More worthy of his glory; without ſin
And ſpotleſs He, the great High Prieſt, hath paſs'd
Into the heav'ns victorious over Death;
But I, whoſe treſpaſſes at Meribah,
Frail ſinful man, provok'd the Lord to wrath,
Saw but the ſkirts of Dan from Piſgah's top,
Unworthy deem'd to enter that fair land,
And died upon mount Nebo. But when CHRIST,
Who hath awaken'd us from ſleep, ſhall riſe
And in his mortal fleſh a ſecond time
Viſit his Saints on earth, who then ſhall ſay
There is no reſurrection of the dead?
Faintly I ſhadow'd forth a future life;
I ſpake not to men's ſenſes, as CHRIST ſpeaks;
God gave me no commiſſion to reveal
The ſecrets of the grave; corruption's worm
Spar'd not my fleſh, nor came my ſpirit back
From Death's dark citadel to give mankind
Conviction ocular of his defeat;
I left him in his power till CHRIST ſhould come
To break that ſceptre, which had aw'd the world.

Much then it moves my wonder, much I grieve
That darkneſs ſhall not yet be drawn aſide
From Iſrael, and that thoſe, who would not hear
Me and the prophets, ſhall not yet believe
CHRIST their Meſſias riſing from the dead.
To whom th' Arch-angel anſwer'd heav'nly mild:
Well may'ſt thou muſe that reas'ning man ſhould doubt,
And cauſe we have to grieve, when he neglects
So great ſalvation; but when CHRIST hath ſhewn
What is the good and true and perfect way
Reaſon muſt do the reſt: When all are free
Some muſt be faithleſs, wilful and perverſe.
God could have made his creatures void of ſin,
For he can put a maſter in their hearts,
And govern them by inſtinct: but to man
He gave a nobler faculty, a will,
A ſpark of immortality, a ſoul,
Reaſon to counſel that immortal ſoul,
And conſcience to reſtrain licentious will.
Grace ſhall aſſiſt the humble and devout;
A proud man hath no friend in heav'n or earth,

Renounc'd

Renounc'd of angels and by men abhorr'd:
Truth muſt be ſought, it will not be impos'd:
What were that revelation, which ſhould leave
No exerciſe to faith? All men muſt work
With fear and trembling their ſalvation out.
God does not give free will to take away
What he hath giv'n; if man will ſin, he muſt:
Nor do we call them good, who cannot err,
Elſe brutes would claim a virtue. None is good
Save God alone; impute we not to God
The evil which man does, nor him arraign
For not preventing ills which he foreknows:
Angels have ſinn'd and ſome are fall'n from bliſs;
All had their days of error, their degrees
Of good and ill, elſe why have we degrees
Ranks and precedencies of bliſs in heav'n?
Call your own lives to mind; ye have been men,
Your failings many, yet your virtues more;
Why are ye now rewarded by your God?
Why but becauſe thoſe virtues were your own?
Ye made them what they were, ye rear'd their growth,

Reaſon reform'd the wild luxuriant ſoil,
Pluck'd up the weeds and nurs'd the glorious fruit.
Is there amongſt you one that hath to boaſt
Human perfection? There is none that will.
A free yet faultleſs creature would be more
Than man, than angel; nor can God create
An equal to himſelf, a rival God.
In Eden's happy groves when man was plac'd,
One interdicted baneful plant there was,
Tempting and rich in fruit; all elſe was good,
Fair to the eye and wholeſome to the taſte;
Yet of that fruit man pluck'd and eat and died;
Tempted he was, but not compell'd to take;
Warn'd to abſtain, no angel ſtopp'd his hand,
No thundering voice deterr'd him from the deed,
For man was free; ſo could he not have been,
Had God's foreknowledge over-rul'd his will.
Thus Sin had origin and Death began
His occupation with the human race,
More terrible for that he came with pangs,
Horrors and doubts on ſin-oppreſſed man,

When

When conſcience wrung him in the parting hour:
But ſtill the inextinguiſhable ſoul
Mock'd at Death's dart, the body was his own
From the beginning; of the earth 'twas made,
The earth it till'd and from the earth it fed;
A tenement of duſt was never form'd
For immortality; and now, behold,
Adam the earthy man, in whom all die,
Is buried to the world; redemption brings
The day-ſpring of Salvation from on high,
CHRIST in his glory comes, the LORD from heav'n,
And who in him have faith, in him have life.

He ceas'd, when now th' aſſembly of the Saints,
Who whilſt he ſpake ſtood in their orbs unmov'd
Circling the mount, 'gan feel the Spi'rit of God
Deſcending on their hearts, and, like a ſea
By ſecret currents from it's bottom ſtirr'd,
Wav'd to and fro their undulating files
Wide and more wide, as with a mighty wind
The heav'nly inſpiration on them ruſh'd:
This GABRIEL heard and from the mount came down,

Which quak'd beneath his feet, whilſt over-head
Loud thunderings announc'd the coming God:
And now a fire, that cover'd all the mount,
Beſpoke him preſent; all the air reſpir'd
Ambroſial odours, amaranth and roſe,
For Nature felt her God, and every flower
And every fragrant ſhrub, whoſe honied breath
Perfumes the courts of heav'n, had burſt to life
Blooming, and, in a thouſand colors dy'd,
Threw their gay mantle o'er the naked heath:
Now glow'd the living landſcape; hill and dale
Roſe on the flat, or ſunk as Nature ſhap'd
Her lovelieſt forms and ſwell'd her wavey line,
Leaving unrein'd variety to run
Her wild career amid the ſportive ſcene:
Nor were there wanting trees of ev'ry growth,
Umbrageous ſome, making a verdant tent
Under their ſpreading branches, ſome of ſhaft
Majeſtic, tow'ring o'er the ſubject groves:
Bloſſoms and fruits and aromatic gums
Scented the breeze, that fann'd their ruſtling leaves;

And

And them betwixt a cryſtal river flow'd
O'er golden ſands, meand'ring in it's courſe
Through amaranthine banks with lulling ſound
Of dulcet murmurs breathing ſoft repoſe.
Thus at the ſight of God ſpontaneous roſe
A Paradiſe within the realm of Death,
Where that bleſt congregation might abide
Their LORD's return now viſitant on earth:
And now th' Eternal having breath'd his joy
Into their hearts and giv'n them to diſcern
All knowledge, that befitted ſouls ſo bleſt,
Withdrew his preſence from the flaming mount;
Whereat the min'iſtring Angel, who beheld
Salvation's work complete, thus parting ſpake.
God, in whoſe preſence pleaſure ever dwells,
Hath for your dear Redeemer's ſake beſtow'd
Theſe joys, and now his preſence is withdrawn;
Yet hath he left his ſpirit in your hearts
To teach you all that is and is to be:
Behold, the cloud that veil'd your mortal eyes
Is drawn aſide, and what as in a glaſs

Darkling

Darkling ye ſaw now face to face is ſeen:
Ye now diſcern the ways of God how juſt,
How true, how wiſe, how perfect in deſign,
And well ye know that man, preſumptuous man,
In a vain ſhadow walketh; ye perceive
His boaſted mind ſufficient for the things,
That to his own ſalvation appertain;
Yet when it ſcans the myſteries of heaven,
How falſe, how weak, how daringly abſurd!
Firm faith, warm charity and humble hope,
Theſe are the Chriſtian graces, theſe the guides,
That lead to life eternal; thoughts perverſe,
Pert quibbling follies, publiſh'd in the pride
Of falſe philoſophy, are dev'liſh arts,
That damn the inſtrument, who thus attempts
To hide the light of revelation's beam
From weaker eyes, and turn the world from God;
Theſe verily ſhall have their juſt reward:
And now no more; this Paradiſe ye ſee
Is but your paſſage to a brighter ſcene,
A reſting-place till CHRIST ſhall re-aſcend

To

To the right hand of God and call you hence
To ſhare his glory in the heav'n of heavens.
He ſaid, and ſwifter than the meteor's glance,
Sprung on the wing to ſeek his native ſphere:
The Saints look'd up, then ſung with joint acclaim—
Glory to God and praiſes to his CHRIST,
Judge and Redeemer of the quick and dead!

END OF THE POEM.

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The lowly dales will yeeld us unadams
To ſhade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better girlond ſeekes mine oaten reede;
Let others climbe the hills, and to their praiſe,
Whilſt I ſit girt with flowers, be crowned with bays.
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